

# The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXV. No. 2402

London  
July 23, 1947



★ John Jameson & Son, Ltd., Bow Street Distillery, Dublin

## JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY

NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S 7 YEARS OLD

### McVITIE & PRICE

*Biscuits of Highest Quality*

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

## ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER

TONIC WATER  
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE

*Will soon be bubbling with good spirits*

WHEN S.D.I. RESTRICTIONS ARE OVER

## Presta

'BEVERAGES OF DISTINCTION'

will be plentiful again

The Apollinaris Co. Ltd., 4 Stratford Place, London, W.1.

MINERAL  
WATERS  
AND  
CORDIALS

The original  
**PRUHT**  
COCKTAIL

RICH APERITIF

RAWLINGS & SONS (LONDON) LTD

For  
sweet breath  
& pearly Teeth

## Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE  
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

# CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE LTD.

CORPORATION,

LTD.

83 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



# Tweed Triumphant!



Tailored coat finely made in diagonal tweed with an unusually attractive back pleat and wide belt. In two original colours: oatmeal and mushroom. Sizes: 12, 14, and 16. £20 and 18 coupons. Women's Shop, 4th Floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd. 202 Piccadilly London W.1. Regent 2002

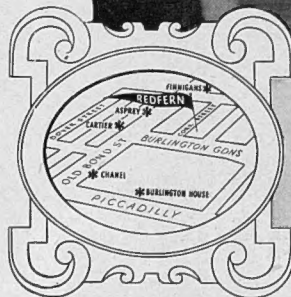
**SIMBELLA**  
3-PLY WOOL  
IS IN STOCK  
AT **DALY'S**

SHADE CARD  
AND  
EXCLUSIVE  
LEAFLET  
FOR MODEL  
NUMBER 15  
WILL BE SENT  
ON RECEIPT  
OF 3d. PLUS  
2½d. POSTAGE



OF SCOTLAND

DALY & SONS LTD • SAUCHIEHALL STREET • GLASGOW C2



Lady Rose, author, and wife of the distinguished painter, among the Toulouse-Lautrecs at the Redfern Gallery. Her town coat of Tescan Beaver Lamb is a tribute to her good taste. Tescan's supple beauty, glowing colour and superb quality are the reasons why it is seen wherever fashionable women foregather.

**Tescan**  
BEAVER LAMB

# THE TATLER and BYSTANDER



Derek Adkins

## HER HIGHNESS THE MAHARANI OF JAIPUR

Formerly Princess Ayesha of Cooch Behar, the Maharani is the second daughter of H.H. The Maharani of Cooch Behar and married in May, 1940, Captain H.H. The Maharaja of Jaipur, who served with the Life Guards in the Middle East during the war. At the age of twenty-eight she is the most Western-minded and youngest Maharani to have visited England, for she was born in London and went to school in this country and later Switzerland. The Maharajah also received part of his education in England, at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. During her stay here Her Highness has been learning golf at Sunningdale, and she is often seen at Queen's playing tennis.





# PORTRAIT IN PRINT



CONSIDER (writes Sean Fielding) the advent of Amy Abbott-Acland to be a major affair which may be best dealt with in this column since there is a little more elbow-room here than elsewhere in this journal.

The lady is the creation of Mr. Dane Chandos and the sooner I allow him to introduce her, the better for all concerned. The introduction must, on many considerations, fall short of what I should wish; I should like it to occupy many, many pages. But that would be unfair to other contributors and would rob Mr. Chandos of royalties which are rightly his and which his publishers, Messrs. Michael Joseph, will quite certainly pour into his coffers for some years to come. Very well, then. Here is, extracted from one of the twenty-four episodes which make up *ABBIE*, the burthen of what happened at luncheon at Rakoczys' Hungarian restaurant.

"No," she said. "On second thoughts, I shall use my little gold toothpick, for, though in other ways their manners leave a lot to be desired, the French are well versed in tablecraft."

It is uphill work to snap Abbie out of these moods, but Arthur or I can usually do it. She would have been perfectly all right from that moment on, had it not been for a woman at the next table, who stared at Abbie while she picked her teeth. Abbie, with her Alice-blue hair, her mouche, her monocle, and the fact that she is often doing something extraordinary, is frequently stared at. Usually she is too busy to notice, but when she does notice it makes her angry. She screws in her monocle, looks scornfully down her nose, breathes very slowly and deliberately, and stares the starrer out.

"I wonder what that extremely plain woman finds so absorbing at our table," said Abbie loudly. "Doubtless a country bumpkin, up from some minor shire to see the sights of the capital, of which I appear to be one. She reminds me of one of those four plain Jane nieces of Grace Bunket—all as like as two pins and with bands on their teeth. It runs in the family, for, as you know, no less than nineteen of Grace's are false, including the central incisors of her upper jaw."

The waiter brought the oysters, and Abbie glowered. She remarked how very small they looked for Colchester natives.

"I am told that in New York, waiter, one is served for a song, a very palatable mollusc stew, sitting on a swivel stool at a railway station—the inhabitants of North America are for ever catching trains in order to get away from wherever they are, and, in consequence, have to fortify themselves with oysters which, though inferior to ours by far, are doubtless nourishing."

The waiter did not quite know what he should say to this, so he picked up a napkin and handed it to Abbie. She popped an oyster into her mouth and swallowed it slowly, watching the waiter. Then she picked up the shell and drank the juice. She made a wry face, emptied the juice from the remaining eleven shells into a wine glass, and summoned the head waiter.

"Drink that, waiter," she said when he came.

He did, smiling.

"In spite of your hollow foreign leer," said Abbie. "I detected your grimace. The proof of

the pudding is in the eating, and you are forced to admit that these oysters are brackish. What say? Brackish, I said. Stagnant. Probably poisonous. And, what is more, they are not what they purport to be. You are circumventing the law, an offence for which I could easily have you deported, since plainly you have never been naturalized a British subject. These oysters are not Colchester natives, as your French menu advises the public."

The head waiter assured her that they were.

"I am an Essex woman myself, head waiter," said Abbie. "So who are you, a mere Hungarian, to tell me about Colchester natives? There is no finer oyster in the world, head waiter, and many's the time I have popped down as a child to the oyster beds myself, armed with my own dual cruet, and eaten my fill with relish. Colchester natives, my eye! I'll wager they're the product of some stagnant Suffolk swamp from the far side of the Stour. And they are brackish to boot."

Abbie ordered some foie gras. And she made the head waiter supply her with a small can of Colman's mustard free, in case the oyster she had so foolishly swallowed forced her to take an emetic. She felt a little better. But not for long.

"You see old Lady Morcom?" she said. "No, don't look now, but over there. Well, take a good look at that enormous diamond on the third finger—misshapen with rheumatism—of her right hand. That is the diamond—she spends fortunes at Aix every year late in the season—that Arthur nearly bought for me. One sees by the colour it is a Brazilian stone. She married far above her station and suffers from hay fever, though it is only a Gladstonian peerage. She paid through the nose for that yellow brilliant, and Morcom Hall badly needs repainting!"

WE were to have had a Balaton goulash, but it hadn't arrived. I tried to get Abbie's mind away from the present scene. But even this year's chrysanthemums at Abberton failed to rouse her interest.

"One cannot have one's cake and eat it," said Abbie in the direction of Lady Morcom. "That is what the Bunkets are for ever trying to do, and one day I shall lose patience with them and set Potemkin on all three of them. Pooh! And that woman at the next table is still staring. Pooh to her, too! For two pins I'd box her ears!"

Suddenly Abbie picked up a piece of brown bread and took it over to Potemkin. She broke the bread, knelt down on the floor, and gave it him piece by piece, talking dog language to him in her deep gentle voice. From there she made for the kitchens, and I noticed that the head chef suddenly appeared in the restaurant to carve a roast of beef. But she was back in a surprisingly short time, carrying a bowl of olives.

"The goulash isn't nearly ready yet," she said. "So I told them that a bowl of olives would do for the nonce, in lieu of a platter of seasonal fruit. The kitchens were none too clean, and I fear we can have no assurance that our goulash does not comprise yesterdays' left-overs from customers' plates, which have already been spurned by the staff. Have an olive, dear boy, for, black and Portuguese though they are, we must eat our fill. It is not as if we were eating in pengos at twenty-eight to the pound, for we must meet the bill in the minted coin of our realm, though I have half a mind to tip them with the few Magyar coppers I always carry on my person for any deserving

gypsies I may meet, provided they are not accompanied by caged birds."

For a few minutes Abbie munched in silence. The olives were very good. Then she complained again of the fumes from the street, and started to take deep breaths, filtering the air through a handkerchief soaked in eau de Cologne. Suddenly she reached under the table and pulled out the box she had with her on arrival.

"I popped down to Hackney this morning," she said, "to a little glove factory I know of there—Jews, but honest. What say? No, I never got as far as Worth's. I came by a round dozen pairs of assorted gauntlets, and they threw in this stretch of unseasoned oak as well for a song."

While we waited for the goulash, Abbie stretched her gloves which, being samples, were all a size too small for her. This excited the woman at the next table a good deal, but Abbie only had time to glance up at her and snort now and then. The goulash arrived, and even Abbie could find little wrong with it. She sent the waiter for a number of hot sauces.

"And kindly fetch me your scullery cat," she added, "the big black one. He is the biggest tom I have ever seen, and I wish my nephew, who travels constantly and is half-American, to tell me where he has ever seen the like."

The cat was brought, and he sat comfortably in Abbie's lap, purring, while she twiddled his whiskers. They were old friends. Then she asked for an old copy of Lord Bunket's *London Tribune*, and, when it came, placed it on the floor. She scraped up the remains of her goulash and gave it to the cat on the newspaper. The woman at the next table gave a small gasp. Abbie looked up and, for a moment, I thought she was going to go across and sock her. But she seemed to change her mind. She felt in her bag, pulled out a small folder, and began to write.

"This is a free ticket to the zoo for that woman," she said, getting red in the face, "where she can practise her ill manners to her heart's desire in more suitable surroundings, though there are times when I far prefer the zoo to this restaurant. I do not know her name, nor do I wish to, so I am making out this free voucher in the name of Miss (one sees at a glance that she lacks a husband's discipline) N. Parker, which seems to me to fit the bill. Waiter! Come here!"

WHEN he came Abbie summoned the head waiter, and said she didn't expect to be kept waiting since she had an appointment of long standing at Worth's. But he didn't come. Then she caught his eye across the room, and beckoned him. He stopped and spoke to someone at another table. The tempo of her tapping foot increased, and she started to fiddle agitatedly with the gadgets on her bracelet.

"I have suffered enough in this place," she cried, "Hungarian hovel that it is. I am going to take action. Prenez garde!"

The cat shot away. Potemkin bounded down the room. Old Lady Morcom's fork clattered to the floor. Guests gaped, waiters froze where they stood. A gear change in the street five floors below tore the silence. A hundred eyes turned to our table.

"I wish to speak to the head waiter this instant," said Amy to the room at large. "And I trust I shall not be forced to frighten poor Scullery Tom by sounding my whistle a second time."

(*ABBIE* is published at 10s. 6s.)



## ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

## THE MOUSE AND THE REFRIGERATOR

Lord ffrantic lived in ffrantic House  
(He used two ff's to make it harder):  
There also lived there an old Mouse  
Who operated on the larder.

The house was steeped in noble gloom—  
They cleaned it once a generation—  
And hence the Mouse escaped his doom  
By blending with the decoration.

Now, when he scampered round the house,  
His colour instantly betrayed him.  
And so Lord ffrantic caught the Mouse  
(Moral)  
Who should have stayed as Nature made him.

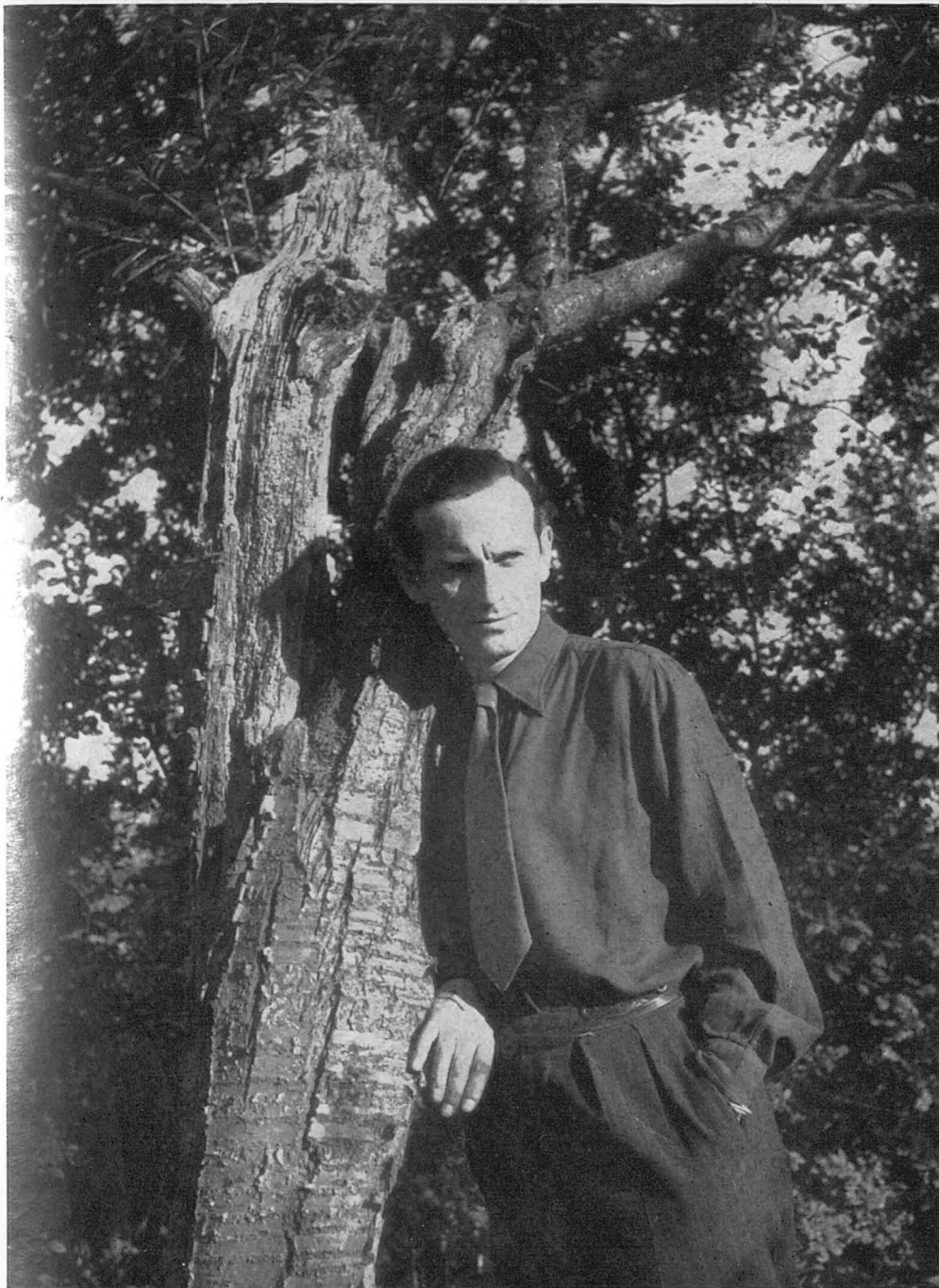
## Immoral

Down with Darwin.

Then ffrantic's aunt, Miss ffrantic, died  
And left him her refrigerator.  
The Mouse set up his base inside;  
It made it easier to cater.

The fridge possessed an arctic clime  
And so, by what's called adaptation,  
He turned completely white in time,  
Which proved a gross miscalculation.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



F. J. Goodman

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND, most outstanding among Britain's modern painters, has done more to uphold and promote British prestige in the cosmopolitan art world than any other contemporary representative, with the exception perhaps, of his sculptor friend Henry Moore. He first exhibited in 1928, and his paintings have since been bought by galleries all over the world. At home they have been purchased by the Tate, the Victoria and Albert, and the British Museums. He and his wife Kathleen lead a quiet, rustic life at Trottiscliffe, Kent

B

AT THE COURT  
OF ST. JAMES'S

Her Excellency Mme.  
Nai Direck Jayanama,  
wife of the Siamese  
Ambassador

IT was nearly midnight, when flashes from the tropical sky broke the darkness over the tiny island in the gulf of Bangkok. With a frightening roar the Catalina slashed the tide-swept waters. The air-screws slowed down, stopped. Unmistakably British voices spoke first, in Siamese. The answer, in code words, was given by unmistakably Siamese voices in English. The agony of the three days' hazardous wait was over.

Three Siamese promptly stepped into the flying-boat, which now began the 1,200-mile flight non-stop to Ceylon. Vital conferences followed for several days in Kandy. The Allied leaders wanted to know what were the real facts about Japan's strength in Siam; what were Siam's guerillas doing; what was the situation in Tokyo, as observed by Siamese agents.

The arrival in London of Siam's new envoy throws light on one of the top secret war dramas in the Far East, against the seemingly invincible Japanese, for the leader of the expedition from enemy-occupied Siam, answering the call of the Allied chiefs of staff in Ceylon, was His Excellency Nai (Mr.) Direck Jayanama, first Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from the Kingdom of Siam at the Court of St. James's.

SEVERAL times Foreign Minister in Siam, at thirty-four a member of his country's Cabinet, the envoy is remembered in London, for he was secretary-general of the mission that strove unavailingly for three months to induce the late King Prajadhipok to accept here the new constitution, and not abdicate. Son of a noted High Court judge, a husband at twenty-one, Jayanama had attracted notice in 1932 by being one of those responsible at twenty-eight for the formation of the movement that led to the abolition of the absolute monarchy system of government. Prajadhipok was invited to sign a fresh constitution in December, 1932, under which power was transferred to the nation. In March, 1935, however, he abdicated.

Jayanama was involved in sad affairs in 1941. As Foreign Minister he assured the British envoy in Bangkok that Siam, state with fifteen million inhabitants occupying an area twice that of the British Isles, would stand by the democracies. More powerful hands decided otherwise, no resistance was offered to the Japanese invaders. His Excellency desired to resign. Japanese papers described him as pro-British. This, however, did not prevent the authorities appointing him ambassador to Tokyo, where Emperor and Cabinet showered rare honours in the vain hope of gaining sympathy.

RESIGNING two years later, Jayanama returned home. Listening to the radio one evening he heard, to his astonishment, that he had again been appointed Foreign Minister. Promptly he wired his "resignation" to the Premier. The message was opened by a close friend, member of the pro-Ally underground, who kept it, and induced Jayanama to remain silent. Jayanama consented and later, the better to be able to keep in touch with the British and American staffs, became Finance Minister.

Head of the Siamese guerillas he arranged for the receipt of British parachutists, and arms, for the wirelogging of daily replies to questions from the Allied staffs. So well was the fantastic system maintained that his friends even secured the regular departure, under the nose of the Japanese, of visiting British and U.S. liaison officers—from the principal aerodrome in Bangkok! I hope he is writing his reminiscences.

George Bilainkin.



# Show Guide

Anthony Cookman  
and Tom Titt

At the

## Straight Plays

**Jane** (Aldwych). From the Somerset Maugham short story, Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

**Off the Record** (Apollo). This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

**A Sleeping Clergyman** (Criterion). Robert Donat and Margaret Leighton in a revival of this unusual play by James Bridie.

**Boys in Brown** (Duchess). The great problem of which Borstal is the symbol sympathetically treated.

**We Proudly Present** (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the gilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

**Born Yesterday** (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

**Trespass** (Globe). Emlyn William plays in his own drama of the natural and supernatural, with Françoise Rosay and Daphne Arthur.

**Present Laughter** (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

**Edward, My Son** (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Play by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

**Peace In Our Time** (Lyric). Noel Coward's imaginative survey of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

**Ever Since Paradise** (New). J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, right in touch but wise in understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

**Noose** (Saville). A covey of corner-boys, reformed and grown up into seasoned warriors, take a running jump at the Black Market.

**Life With Father** (Savoy). Leslie Banks as an explosive but lovable domestic tyrant, deftly controlled by Sophie Stewart.

**1066 And All That** (Strand). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

**Worm's Eye View** (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

**Deep Are the Roots** (Wyndham's). Moving study of the U.S. colour problem, with Patrick Barr.

**A Midsummer Night's Dream** (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Homer and Patricia Kneale.

## With Music

**Bless the Bride** (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

**Sweetest and Lowest** (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

**Annie, Get Your Gun** (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

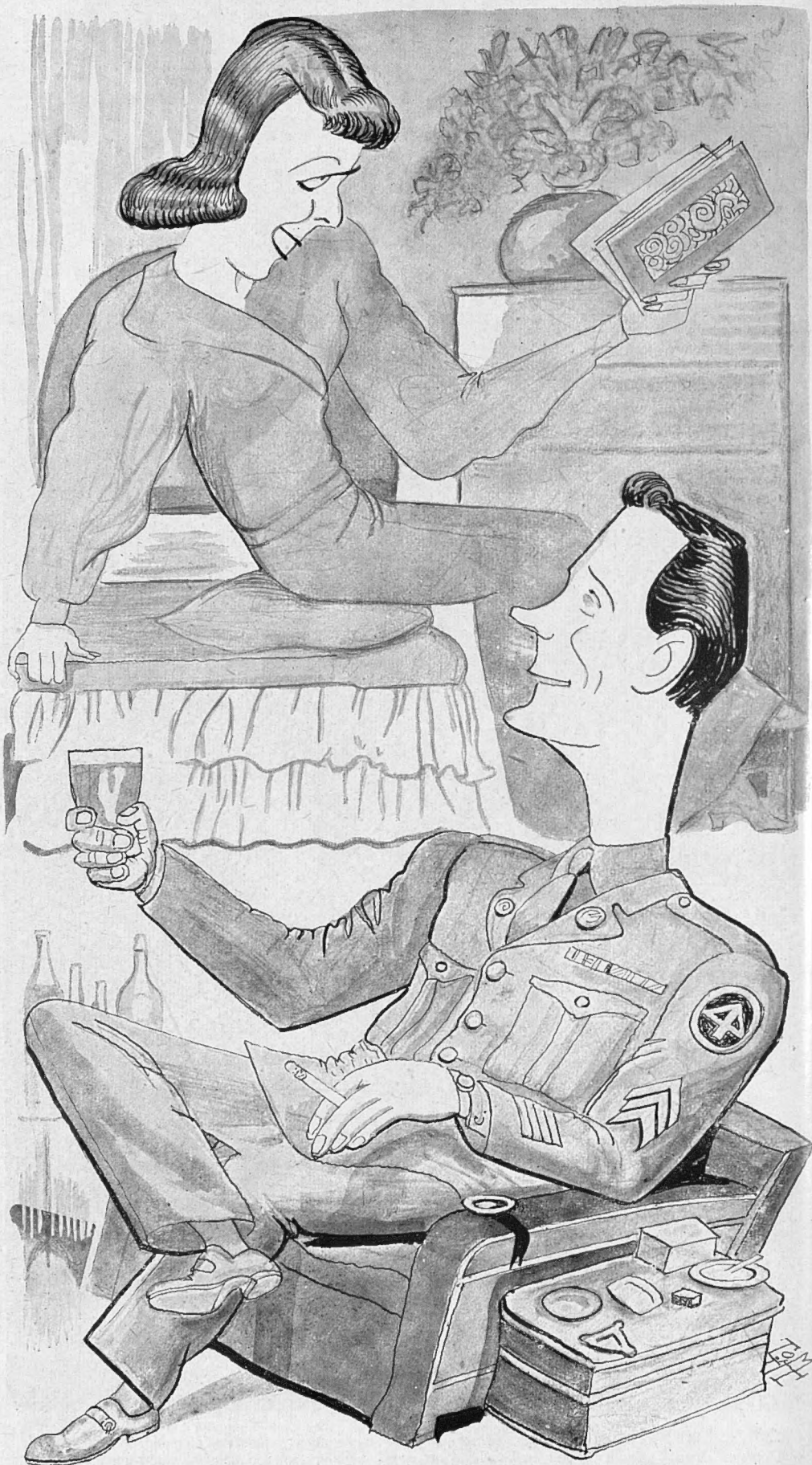
**Oklahoma!** (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

**Perchance to Dream** (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

**Here, There and Everywhere** (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

**Piccadilly Hayride** (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

**The Nightingale** (Princes). Musical romance by Sax Rohmer and Kennedy Russell, with Mimi Benzell from U.S.A. and John Westbrook.



**Bill Page** (Wendell Corey) settles down to convince Sally Middleton (Margaret Sullivan) that Shakespeare and gin don't mix, a proposition to which she finally agrees



# Theatre

SHAKESPEARE and the Elizabethans, I fancy, would have relished Mr. van Druten's comedy not a bit less spontaneously than the Americans, who have queued up for some years, and are still queuing up to see it in New York. It would not have ruffled their sensibilities that in essence it is a comedy of baby snatching.

The New World has much in common with Old England. They share a liking and an aptitude for snappy, vivid language and also a complete freedom from embarrassment when presented on the stage with philandering women who have scarcely reached the May of their springtime. That is a freedom we have managed somehow or other to lose. Junior misses sweetly encouraged by their mothers to collect beaux are to us something of a pain in the neck.

"There's always Juliet," as Mr. van Druten remarked in an earlier play, and Juliet was only fourteen, but it is not adolescent romance or even adolescent psychology that tires us: it is adolescent philandering. The difference no doubt is a matter of climate, but there the difference is and it will, I imagine, prejudice our enjoyment of a piece of brilliant virtuosity which depends for its fun on the minute study of a very young girl entertaining a nice soldier in her apartment for the weekend.

SALLY is an actress, and therefore, it might be argued, well enough able to look after herself to be a sympathetic subject for comedy in our prejudiced eyes. She is said to be twenty years old. That is all very well, but the whole charm of her silliness is all too clearly the charm of childhood.

She has already had two or three affairs, and when the nice soldier is left on her hands by an older friend she is strongly tempted to let become one more affair. But how many affairs are required to turn a woman into a

## "The Voice of the Turtle" (Piccadilly)

promiscuous female? No, she has quite given up that sort of thing; and it is her innocence that takes the soldier's fancy.

LET us suppose, however, that we are as free as the Elizabethans from this form of prejudice and we cannot but enjoy the sustained vivacity of the dialogue and the unobtrusive skill with which the author keeps our curiosity alert through the long drawn-out drift of Sally and the soldier towards the inevitable. Have so many variations on commonplace temptation ever before been so successfully played?

When the inevitable has at last happened we take it for granted that Mr. van Druten must have shot the bolt of his vivacity. We are altogether wrong: the last act is no less lively than the other two as Sally tries to pretend to herself with childish naivety that she has not fallen head over heels into love. Men, she has been told, hate nothing so much as sentimental talk about love, and so she bravely tries to treat the episode as just one more of her affairs.

WITH material so slight Mr. van Druten contrives to keep his comedy taut to the end. The theatrical virtuosity of the thing is no great matter. An author who limits himself to three characters and one set does so, presumably, because he can say what he has to say more conveniently that way than in any other. He risks an effect of monotony, and what is remarkable in this comedy is the apparent ease with which it evades this effect.

Miss Margaret Sullivan plays Sally with a natural charm enhanced by a succession of tricks—a playful rasp, something between a peasant "Har!" and a child's growl, and sudden unexpected dwellings on words. The other two, Mr. Wendell Corey and Miss Audrey Christie, are more straightforward, but they are both pleasantly humorous.



Olive Lashbrooke (Audrey Christie)  
leaves her young soldier in Sally's hands  
with a knowing smile

## Backstage with Beaumont Kent

UNDERSTAND that that clever young dramatist William Douglas-Home who wrote *Now Barabbas* has based his new play, *The Chiltern Hundreds*, due at the Vaudeville in the middle of August, upon events that have occurred in his ancestral home.

As the son of the Earl of Home he has found a good deal of material about the effect of death duties and the pressure of taxation, but though there is a political element in his play the main spirit of it is comedy, as you will rightly gather when you hear that A. E. Matthews will be seen as a peer, Marjorie Fielding as his wife and Michael Shepley as the family butler.

It will be presented by Linnet and Dunfee, and Colin Chandler, who so successfully directed *Now Barabbas*, will produce. This play, by the way, goes to New York and Canada in the autumn.

IT is good news that we are to have a new farce from Ben Travers, this also presented by Linnet and Dunfee. It bears the promising title of *Outrageous Fortune*, and its principal stars will include that superb pair, Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare, who have not appeared together since the good old Aldwych days.

JAMES BRIDIE'S *Dr. Angelus* which Alec Rea and J. E. P. Clift are presenting at the Phoenix next Wednesday is based upon the notorious case of Dr. E. W. Pritchard, the Glasgow murderer who in 1865 was the last man to be publicly hanged in Glasgow.

Alastair Sim, who will be seen in the title role, is also the producer and George Cole, the young actor who six years ago was such a success with

him in *Cottage to Let* at Wyndham's, has a leading part in the cast, which also includes Charles Carson, Betty Marsden and Jane Aird.

THIS week's new production at the Embassy, *Headlights on A5*, is by Ronald Wilkinson, a London doctor, and is the story of the men who drive lorries on the main roads. Elwyn Brook-Jones, who gave a remarkable performance in *Duet for Two Hands*, has a leading part as a lorry driver, and the cast includes Mary Horn who was last seen in *Power Without Glory* at the Fortune.

HOLIDAY-MAKING after the twenty months' run of *Under the Counter* at the Phoenix, Cecily Courtneidge is looking forward to her visit to New York in the autumn when the musical play will be seen at one of the Shubert theatres.

It was in 1925 that she first visited America in the revue *By the Way*, but it will surprise American playgoers, I imagine, to learn that our sprightly and effervescent comedienne recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of her debut in London. That was in a small part in her father's production of *Tom Jones* at the Apollo.

Reginald Tate and Cyril Raymond will not appear in the New York production of *Under the Counter*, but Miss Courtneidge will be accompanied by several young ladies from the company.

RACINE'S *Britannicus*, which is being presented this week at the Rudolph Steiner Theatre with Mary Hinton heading the cast, is considered by many to rank second only to the same dramatist's

great classic *Phèdre*. The play has never before been presented in England. Though previous translations have been published, that used in the present production has been specially made by Harold Bowen. It is rhymed in imitation of the original French, and the heroic couplet form has been used as the most appropriate equivalent of the French Alexandrine.

THE good-looking coloured actor Gordon Heath, who has made such a notable hit in the leading part of the lieutenant in *Deep Are the Roots* at Wyndham's, is a New York native of varied accomplishments. The son of professional ballroom dancers he made his debut as a concert violinist and as a singer before he took to the stage.

He is the only Negro who has been an announcer on the New York radio. He is an active member of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People.

Evelyn Ellis, who plays the part of his mother so sympathetically, is no stranger to London, for in 1929 she was at His Majesty's as Bess in the notable production of *Porgy*.

IN the leading roles of Lydia Lyddington and Veronica in *Perchance to Dream* at the London Hippodrome, Sylvia Cecil repeats the singing and acting success which she achieved in *Pacific 1860* at Drury Lane.

Very soon Ivor Novello's musical romance will register its 950th performance. Its popularity shows no sign of wear though the production has already been re-costumed three times.



## Youngman Carter



Edmund Gwenn as the old Scottish farmer in the Technicolor film "Bob, Son of Battle," the story of a sheepdog, now at the Tivoli, Strand

# At The Pictures

## Unfair Exchange

HERE comes a moment to each of us when the horrid realization dawns that the Ancient Mariner who has us by the lapel is possessed of remarkably long ears—ears moreover with little tufts of hair at their tips. As the moment tiptoes into the minutes we see that the story teller's nose is of an increasing length, that

his teeth are too long for any human jaw: he is, in fact, an unmitigated bore.

Mr. John Mills now starring in *So Well Remembered* (Odeon, Leicester Square) performs the dizziest cadenzas of virtuosity to delay this reluctant conviction, but Heifitz himself could not fill the Albert Hall with unending variations on the "Miner's Dream of Home."

James Hilton's novel on which this tale is based was a melancholy affair, by no means his best work, and not particularly likely material for a jolly evening at the cinema. It is not even a Mr. Chips off the old block, but the sad study of a Decent Chap bearing up Nobly and Earnestly under the slings and arrows of his outrageously wicked wife.

THE scene is Browdley, a squalid northern cotton town which bears a sinister resemblance to Bradford, where it is always raining. George Boswell (John Mills) is its hard-working mayor. We start with him, grey haired and fiftyish, as he leaves the office of the progressive local newspaper which he owns and edits. It is VE-Day. Alone, and remarkably unremarked for so important a man, he wanders through the crowds, clearly with a load of trouble on his mind. There are in fact twenty-five solid years of trouble there and in the course of the next two hours or so we get ample opportunity to examine them.

As an earnest young journalist and town councillor, he was neatly hooked into marrying Olivia (Martha Scott) the daughter of a wicked mill-owner (a beautiful sketch by

Frederick Leicester) whose evil deeds have brought slums, poverty and ruin to the town.

OLIVIA is herself a prize wrong 'un and very soon the bad blood comes out. She is selfish, cruel and faithless. Their son dies in an epidemic as a result of her pride and carelessness. George gives up the political career into which he is being jockeyed in order to devote himself to fighting for the town's redemption. His wife deserts him and marries money for her second venture. Finally she returns, a widow, to her father's old mansion on the hill, bringing with her a new son, Charles (Richard Carlson) now a pilot officer in the R.A.F.

Very soon the young man falls in love with Julie (Pat Roc) the adopted daughter of George's old friend Dr. Whiteside (Trevor Howard) who, despite being a standard drunk is not to be regarded as a thundering disgrace to his profession, but as another Noble Chap, and—mysteriously—the main stay of the town's health.

Olivia makes every effort to frustrate this match but her villainy (for it also emerges *en passant* that she murdered her own father) is foiled by George, who nobly contrives to ginger the vacillating Charles into matrimony.

Mr. Mills blew very hard and very expertly upon these bones to instil a little life but the casting director defeated him. Olivia is the soul of this tale if it is to have any reality and she should not be played with an American accent faintly tinged with Scots. Miss Martha Scott and her compatriot Richard Carlson both made laudable professional efforts. But it would be just as sane to cast Sir Laurence Olivier as Big Chief Borborignmi from Saskatchewan.

CONTRARIWISE, what on earth is our own excellent adorable Deborah Kerr doing wandering around in *The Hucksters* (Empire) trying to persuade us that she is the amorous widow of an American General? This is an episode from the career of a go-getting New York advertising agent.

The central character, Victor Norman, is a smug, conceited and wholly repulsive vulgarian (a part most admirably caricatured by Clark Gable) who, we are invited to believe, succeeds with precious little effort in capturing

the affections of an intelligent and cultured woman. He also succeeded in making a very hard-boiled variety agent cry by introducing a little blackmail on a sentimentally gloved hand.

A high-power supporting cast, notably Sydney Greenstreet, Adolphe Menjou and Ava Gardner, give little displays of technique here and there, with all the *expertisme* of a first-class team of jugglers keeping an unconscionable quantity of Indian clubs in airy rotation, but the effect was only to underline the improbable nature of the whole structure.

A great deal of money and much slick workmanship has gone to prove that there are occasions when the camera can indeed lie—and like a trouper.

NOW for a good deed in a naughty world. Any film entitled *Bob, Son of Battle* is clearly going to be either about a doggy pal or a horsy pal. It turns out to be the former, and it is, in fact, none other than the Alfred Oliphant classic "Owd Bob," for the third time of asking, and on this occasion in Technicolor. Edmund Gwenn follows Fisher White, who made the silent version in '25 and Will Fyffe who played in '38, as Adam McAdam. All three are eminent character actors, and Mr. Fyffe, it must be admitted, scored freely in being a master of the dialect, though Mr. Gwenn wears his plaid with an air, and makes McAdam a very convincing and pathetic old scoundrel.

THE human honours however go to Peggy Ann Garner, quite the nicest child ever to steal a picture, but the real stars are Owd Bob and Red Wullie. The sheepdog trials alone are worth the price of admission, both for beauty of the scenery and the brilliance of the performance. In addition to this the spectator is treated to a good old-fashioned sentimental drama, some tolerable acting and a succession of nicely considered interiors, some of which, if they miss the quality of a Vermeer, have at least the touch of a genuine artist about them.

If we must have Technicolor, this is the way to use it. But before Messrs. 20th Century Fox decide to make Owd Bob IV (calling it, no doubt *The Loves of Maggie Moore*) let us hope some enterprising scriptwriter will send them a copy of Philip Macdonald's *Moonfisher*.

### Play Personalities (No. 3)

## PETER BROOK

Photographed by Angus McBean

At this year's Stratford-on-Avon festival Peter Brook set the critics by the ears with an audacious production of *Romeo and Juliet*. "Provocative" was the least of the epithets used, though every commentator allowed it a measure of brilliance. Brook, who is only twenty-one, was, when at Oxford, a shining light of the University's Film Society. Then he worked with the Birmingham Repertory, and later in London brought out a much discussed version of Jean Cocteau's *Infernal Machine*. Currently he is producing two of Jean-Paul Sartre's plays at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Of a bold, experimental disposition, Brook is to some an enigma, to others an *enfant terrible* of the theatre. But, as one who scorns the safe and narrow ways of stage tradition, there is great hope in him









## CHEAM SCHOOL CELEBRATES ITS TERCENTENARY

*The new headmaster, Mr. Peter Beck, addressing parents and visitors to the tercentenary celebrations of Cheam School, Headley, Berks. Behind him on the left are Philip Howard (head boy), Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, whose engagement to Princess Elizabeth was announced a few days later, Mr. Hugh Former and Lord Sherwood (former pupils)*

Blandford, Newbury

# WINNERS AT THE INTERNATIONAL



*Mrs. B. M. Doney, with her daughter Jacqueline, on Squire after winning the first performance in Class 40 Jumping Competition*



*Adjudged the best pair of hacks at the White City, Capt. Coutry's Cynical and Mr. R. E. Pritchard's Adelphi, an extremely handsome pair of horses*



*The Duke of Beaufort (with buttonhole) presented the Harry Hall Cup for champion weight-carrying cob to Mrs. Hugh Carruthers on Mr. Howard Riddell's Benjamin*



*H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent presents the first prize in the Children's Pony Class to Daphne Agelasto on Winsome*



*Sir Berkeley Pigott and Mrs. J. Shedden judging the Children's Riding Class*



*Miss Elizabeth Spencer on Legend, winner of the Children's Pony Championship, being presented with the Cup by the Duchess of Norfolk*



# THE THIRD ROYAL GARDEN PARTY



Lieut.-General Sir Philip Neame, Governor of Guernsey, and Lady Neame in a corner of the school grounds with their son, David Neame, who is demonstrating a hearty appetite



Rev. Canon F. H. Gillingham, the former Essex cricketer, arriving with Mrs. Gillingham



Capt. S. Beale and Mrs. Beale came well prepared for rain



Lady Sybil Phipps, sister of the Duchess of Gloucester

## HORSE SHOW



M. Jonquères d'Oriola, of Fontainebleau, with the King George V. Challenge Cup which he won on Marquis III.



Lord Cromwell, who served with distinction in both World Wars, and Lady Cromwell



Count Alessandro Bettoni Cazzago winning the "Country Life" Challenge Cup on Uranio, after tying twice



Mr. F. T. Mann, the former Middlesex cricketer, arriving with Mrs. Mann



Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten greeting guests. Their engagement had been announced the previous day



*Janifer writes*

# HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

ALL the world will join in wishing our beloved Princess Elizabeth every happiness in her marriage to Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, R.N. At the moment of writing, no date has been settled for the wedding, which, unless anything unforeseen arises to change plans, will be held at Westminster Abbey, and opinion at Court is about equally divided on the chances of an October or a very early 1948 ceremony. In either case, the next few months will be very crowded ones for the Princess, whose list of engagements is already so full that instructions have been given that no fresh commitments shall be made, otherwise the bride-to-be will have no time at all to attend to trousseau and other details.

One of the few people in the Princess's confidence all through has been young Lady Brabourne, to whom she was a bridesmaid at her wedding at Romsey Abbey last year, when Lieut. Mountbatten was an usher. Lady Brabourne's sister, the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten, is certain to be one of Princess Elizabeth's bridesmaids.

When the Court returns from Scotland towards the end of the month, Lieut. Mountbatten plans to return to duty at the Petty Officers' Training School at Corsham, but he will have summer leave to spend with the Princess at Balmoral, where the King and Queen will go into residence about August 9th or 10th.

THE young couple both looked radiantly happy when they made their first public appearance together at the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on the day their engagement was announced. As always happens at these parties, the Royal party split up when they arrived on the lawns, and went in different directions greeting friends. His Majesty the King in naval uniform was accompanied by Princess Elizabeth wearing a fawn-coloured dress and jacket with a hat to match. With her fiancé, who was also in naval uniform, she was receiving congratulations at every point. It was a coincidence that the uniform of the Senior Service was dominant at the party. This happened because there was a large contingent of American Navy cadets and their Senior officers from the two U.S. ships visiting this country.

H.M. the Queen, looking charming in a deep pink ensemble and accompanied by Princess Margaret, was surrounded by friends, while H.M. Queen Mary, looking very fit and well in powder blue, was the centre of another group.

OTHER members of the Royal Family at the party were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the latter in a blue coat and small hat trimmed with white flowers, and the Duchess of Kent, looking very pretty in navy blue with a large navy blue velvet hat. The Duchess was accompanied by her sister, Countess Toerring, and little Princess Alexandra, wearing a straw hat with her fawn coat, on the lapel of which was a small brooch in the shape of a basket of coloured flowers. This was her first Royal Garden Party. Also with the Royal party were Helen Duchess of Northumberland, the Dowager Lady Airlie, Lady Margaret Egerton, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Airlie, Major Arthur Penn and Wing Commander Peter Townsend.

After tea in the Royal tent Her Majesties had a chat to several members of the Corps Diplomatique, including the Brazilian Ambassador and Doña Moniz de Aragao, the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, the Belgian Ambassador and Mme. Thieusies, M. Massigli, and Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi, the Chinese Ambassador's wife. Among the members of the Government in the Royal tea tent I noticed the Foreign Minister in very good spirits with

Mrs. Ernest Bevin, the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Aneurin Bevan with his wife.

Others I saw at the party, which seemed to me not so crowded as the first two Garden Parties, possibly owing to the showery weather, were Winifred Duchess of Portland, wearing a gay little hat, trimmed with pale blue ostrich feathers, and a black dress, Baroness Beaumont, having tea with two of her daughters, and nearby Lady Anne Hunloke with friends, also Sir Gifford and Lady Fox with her mother, Lady Huntingfield. Col. and Mrs. Reynolds Veitch were greeting many friends, and so were Lady Savile and her daughter, Deirdre; Mrs. Winston Churchill with Mrs. Duncan Sandys, Lady Forbes, Lady Maclean, Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Lady Browning, looking pretty in light blue, with her mother, Lady du Maurier, and Lord and Lady Harcourt, the latter looking most attractive in black. A group of friends chatting together were Sir Alfred Munnings with Sir Gerald and Lady Kelly and Mr. Rodrigo Moynihan, who painted the small portrait of Princess Elizabeth which hangs in this year's Royal Academy.

HUGE vases of mixed herbaceous flowers decorated the Royal Box, which was surrounded on the outside by pink and blue hydrangeas when the King, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, visited the International Horse Show at the White City. They arrived in time to see the lightweight hunter class, which was won by Mr. W. H. Cooper's nice chestnut Wavering Bee, a beautiful mover.

Beds of scarlet geraniums and flags of all the nations decorated the arena, with the Royal Standard flying in the middle, when the competitors from five countries, Belgium, France, Eire, Italy, and the hosts, Great Britain, paraded round the ring before they competed in the jumping competition for the King George V. Cup. This was the first time I have seen a woman compete for this Cup. She was Mme. Le Grand, from Belgium, and she wore a pink coat and top-hat. The Cup was won by France with Marquis III., ridden beautifully by his owner, M. Jonquères d'Oriola. Mme. Massigli, with French friends, was there to see her countryman win.

Among those I saw watching the show were the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Apsley, Lord and Lady Fortescue—the latter won a very strong class for Ladies' hunters in the evening on Mrs. Peggy Dunne's good-looking chestnut Golden Glory—Mrs. Garle, who was Master of the Silverton last season, Lady Piggott-Brown, with her small son, Sir William Piggott-Brown, Mrs. Lawrence, and Mrs. Kent, who was second on her nice hack Vanity Fair. Major and Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, Mrs. Peggy Dunne, Frances Lady Daresbury, Mrs. Aubrey Raphael and Mrs. Douglas Shankland were others I noticed.

The show, which had two performances a day with a preliminary judging in the mornings, went on for five days, and really regained this year the brilliance and International interest of the old Olympia Horse Show days at their best.

THE American Ambassador and Mrs. Douglas, with their son, Peter, who is over here for his vacation, and their daughter, Sharman, stood on the terrace for three hours to receive the hundreds of guests who came in an unending stream to the Independence Day reception at the American Embassy residence in Princes Gate. There was the usual large marquee in the garden, where a band played gay tunes all the afternoon while guests enjoyed the excellent buffet or sat and chatted in deck-chairs on the lawn, which, alas,



Mr. and Mrs. Leo O'Connor at the Orchid Room. Mrs. O'Connor was previously the Countess Contarrana



The Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock at Hatchett's. The Marquess is the Duke of Bedford's son and heir



Also at the Orchid Room, Mr. W. R. Merton with Mrs. Daphne Wall, formerly the wife of Mr. Grant A. Singer, who was killed in the war



## Continuing HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

has not yet recovered from necessary neglect during the war years.

As usual, members of the U.S. Embassy were busy looking after guests, but I sadly missed their white buttonholes this year! Most of the Corps Diplomatique and many Members of both Houses of Parliament came to the reception, including the Prime Minister. A striking figure in his scarlet robes and skull-cap was Cardinal Griffin, the Archbishop of Westminster, whom I saw chatting to Dolores Gray, the leading lady from *Annie Get Your Gun*, and Mr. James Sappington, of the U.S. Embassy. The Maharajah of Jaipur was escorting his two lovely sisters, and Mr. Bob Coe was chatting to Mme. Bianchi. The Chinese Ambassador I met a little farther on; he was off to Geneva the following day.

AMONG others I saw in this very big crowd were many members of the U.S. Embassy, including Mr. Henry Stebbings, Mr. Lewis Jones and his wife, who had given a delightful cocktail party in their nice Regent's Park flat a few days previously; Mr. Warburg, Mr. and Mrs. David Thomasson, Mr. Everett Drumright, Mr. Landreth Harrison, Mr. Peterson, Mr. Fred Salter, and Mrs. Cochran, still better remembered as Miss Louise Morley. Two Service members happily greeting friends were General Bissell, the U.S. Military and Air Attaché, and Capt. Pearson, the U.S. assistant Naval Attaché and assistant Naval Attaché for Air. Also at the party I saw Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, and Mr. Charles Murphy with his very attractive débutante daughter, Anne; they had just arrived from New York and were on their way to the South of France; Mr. Tony Gishford, Miss Zoe Dagg, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vesey, from Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Williams, who were meeting many friends from Washington, the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Churchill, Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, Mr. and Mrs. Frere-Lady Cohen, and Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel-Smith, who were chatting to Mrs. Cunningham and her son.

PRINCESS ALICE COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, looking charming in grey, sat in a box with Lady Waddilove and Mrs. Kenneth Keith to watch Miss Doris Stainer's Children's Dancing Matinée at the Adelphi Theatre in aid of the Children's Aid Society and the Spitfire Mitchell Memorial Fund. In a box facing them sat the Chinese Ambassador's wife, Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi, with her daughter, and Mme. Massigli with her little niece.

The dancing was excellent, the dresses lovely, and the lighting and scenery (kindly lent by Mr. Cochran and Lord Vivian from *Bless the Bride*) all added to a delightful performance.

Among the outstanding little dancers were Baroness Dirsztay's little daughter, Diane, who was excellent in the part of the Ugly Duckling and, later, Little Boy Blue. Little Tania Heald and Andrew Rugge-Price made an enchanting pair as bride and bridegroom in *The Wedding of the Painted Doll*. Lady Mary Lindesay gave a perfect display of skipping. Other little dancers I noticed were Paula and Zara Gisborne, Penelope Salkeld-Green, Sarah Plunket, Heather Ling, Penelope Kemp-Welch, Juliet Ritchie and Tessa Head.

THERE was one of the smartest theatre audiences I have seen for weeks at the first night of John van Druten's gay and amusing play *The Voice of the Turtle*. The comedy has run for several years in New York, and Margaret Sullivan, who made such a hit in the original cast, now plays the lead here. She is slim and very attractive and a brilliant actress, with a wonderful sense of fun. Judging by the reception on the opening night, the play ought to have an equally successful run here.

The American Ambassador, accompanied by Mrs. Douglas and their daughter, was sitting in the stalls, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, the latter very good-looking in a fox coat over a dress of a lovely shade of red. Mr. and Mrs. Rex Benson were sitting near Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, and the Marquess of Headfort was escorting his mother, Rose Marchioness of Headfort, who is a regular "first nighter," as are Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, who were also in the stalls. A striking figure who looked really lovely was Mrs. Ray Milland. She wore a fine platina mink coat over her evening dress and an exquisite diamond necklace with earrings to match. She was accompanied by her good-looking film-star husband, Lord and Lady Bridport, Margaret Lockwood, Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, Mr. Harry and the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, Mr. Bill O'Brien, and Lord Grantly escorting his sister-in-law, Lady Brownlow, were others enjoying this very amusing show.

MAJOR BURNS has kindly lent the lovely park at North Mimms, near Hatfield, for the Hertfordshire Show to-morrow, July 24th. This promises to be a very good show, as there are splendid entries in both the cattle and horse sections, and there will be a parade of the Enfield Chace hounds during the afternoon.

## DINING OUT IN MAYFAIR



A small party at the Bagatelle: Miss Judy Dugdale, Mr. Wilfred Lloyd, Pamela Countess of Aylesford, mother of Miss Dugdale, and a friend



The Hon. William Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir's son and heir, and the Hon. Mrs. Buchan at Hatchett's



Viscount Anson, the Earl of Lichfield's son, and Miss Nara Pears at the Bagatelle



Another Bagatelle trio: Lady Bonham Carter, Mrs. Newall Watson and Vice-Admiral Sir Stuart Bonham Carter



## The Meynell



Miss Ruth Coit, the Hon. and Mrs. Morys Bruce and Mr. Francis Egerton. The dance was held at West Wycombe Park, the home of Sir John and Lady Dashwood, parents of the Hon. Mrs. Bruce



Major Peter Parker, of the Heythrop Hunt, Miss Patricia Pleydell-Railston, Mr. Dodd Noble, Miss E. Doyle, Miss R. Clarke Brown, Mr. R. Ingleby and Mr. Geoffrey Butler



Mr. Tony Whitaker, the Hon. Juliana Curzon, Viscount Scarsdale's second daughter, Captain Michael Cubitt, Miss Pandora Clifford and Count G. de Lasteyvic du Saillant



The Marquess of Blandford dancing with Miss Sarah Birkin

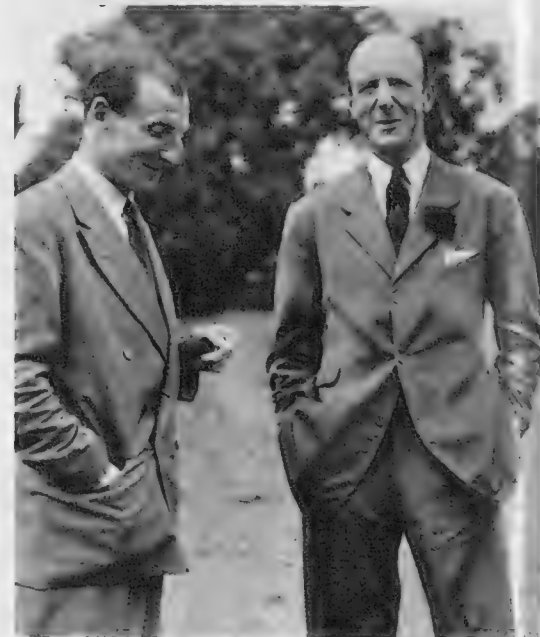


Mr. G. Dearbergh and Miss R. Pelly converse on the steps

Swade



Mrs. B. Neame, Mrs. A. H. Betterton, wife of the Hon. Sec., and Mrs. G. Leaf



Sir Peter Farquhar, Bt., a former Master of the Meynell, and the Duke of Beaufort, who was a judge



Lt.-Col. J. Stanton, Major G. Gundry, Mrs. H. Brassey, Major H. Brassey and Capt. F. Spicer, Master of the Avon Vale

# Christ Church Beagles Hold a Dance



# Puppy Show



Mrs. L. H. Hardy and Major A. H. Betterton, the Hon. Secretary, who is retiring



The Members' enclosure at the show, which was held at Lincoln after seven years' suspension. It was visited by the King and Queen, and the attendance totalled nearly 250,000 over the four days



Mr. and Mrs. W. Froggatt with Mrs. J. D. Clowes, one of the whippers-in. Twenty-six couples of young hounds were judged



Two of the visitors, Mr. and Mrs. John Davis. The show was last held at Lincoln forty years ago



Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, talking to Mrs. Henry Benyon, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Berkshire



Major J. R. Hanbury, Master of the Belvoir, and Mrs. Hanbury. The show took place at the Kennels, Sudbury, Derby



Mr. R. Daniel, Capt. W. S. Warran (Hon. Sec. of the Blankney Hunt), Mrs. Warran and Mr. J. G. Henson (M.F.H. of the Blankney)



Mrs. S. Sivewright and her daughter Daphne with Craven Tit-Bit, a third-prize winner in the pony classes, owned by Mrs. Yeoman

## The Royal Agricultural Show at Lincoln



## Self-Profile

## Constance Collier

by

Constance Collier

"People ask me if I am fond of the theatre, but I have known no other life. My parents were actors, and on my mother's side there were five generations of theatrical ancestors, clowns, pantaloons and spear-carriers. I often come across their names in the old playbills with the Siddons and the Kemballs"

Oh, I wish I hadn't been asked to write my profile! It has brought it to my attention. I haven't noticed it for years. Few of us can look ourselves in the face, let alone glimpse our own profile. I take my mirror in hand and squirm around to a sideways angle and what do I see? A rather austere Roman Empress, with a slightly arrogant look, and I suppose that is what I present to the crowds that go by in the street, or the people who sit beside me in the theatre. I wish I did not look like that. I ought to have a snub nose and flaxen hair—at least, that is what I feel inside. I am not a bit like that Roman Empress, not the real me, I mean.

When I was a young girl I admired my profile profoundly. It was a beautiful profile. It certainly was a great help. My father didn't want me to devote my life to the stage, but when I was fourteen, I ran away from home, walked across Waterloo Bridge into the stage door of the Gaiety and demanded to see George Edwardes. Jock, the doorkeeper, was astounded at my effrontery. "Have you an appointment?" "No." Well, then, of course, I couldn't see the great man.

But at that moment the door was flung open and a tall, fair man came through. He had a kindly smile, merry grey eyes, and bushy eyebrows and a funny moustache. It was George Edwardes himself.

## A Quick Decision

He paused for a moment and said, "Who are you?" "I want to join the Gaiety," I replied. I was wearing my mother's hat and cape, which I had borrowed for the occasion, and must have looked ridiculous. But something impressed him, for he said, "Take off that hat." He turned me round sideways, looked at my profile and said, "You'll do." That's how I became a Gaiety girl. It was my profile, I suppose.

I know what's wrong with that Roman Empress I am looking at and why she is so misleading; now that I have got my thoughts clear, I know why I look like that. I think any public and sensitive person assumes an attitude to face the world with and protect himself. I am totally different to the mask I present to the world of strangers. I don't even feel I've grown up. In fact, I don't believe in age. I have an inner conviction that if the Bible had omitted the statement "three score years and ten," it would never have occurred to us to measure our existence in terms of years at all.

People ask me if I am fond of the theatre, but I have known no other life. My parents were actors, and on my mother's side there were five generations of theatrical ancestors, clowns, pantaloons and spear-carriers. I often come across their names in the old playbills

with the Siddons and the Kemballs. My parents were not very successful, and we spent most of our time in the provinces.

## Peaseblossom at Hull

I was born on one of those tours, and my mother could only spare four weeks for my advent, and after that I would be wrapped in a blanket, asleep on her dressing-table, while she went on for her part. So I smelt grease-paint practically before my eyes were open. I began my career at four in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Hull. I played the fairy Peaseblossom. One of the company predicted I would be a star, because I had my own peculiar way of making an entrance. I would come on backwards and turn in the middle of the stage and smile at the audience, which generally got applause. If my mother tried to make me go on properly, I would howl and refuse to move. It was a clever trick.

I had another time when my profile came in useful. It was when I was acting with Maxine Elliot and Nat Goodwin in *We Were 21* when the summons came. "Mr. Tree would like Miss Collier to come for an interview." You can imagine my excitement. It was the ambition of all young actresses of that time to play at His Majesty's. I was terribly shy, and didn't make much impression at the interview, and when Mr. Tree asked me if I had ever played in Shakespeare, I answered "Yes," thinking of the fairy Peaseblossom.

I heard nothing for a week and had given up hope, when I was called and told to wait in the dress circle while the company, a very distinguished one, were rehearsing on the stage. It was very dark, and I was all alone there.

## A Tear Splashed Down . . .

The hours went by and I was hungry and tired. I had been there since eleven, when at four o'clock Mr. Tree turned towards the dark auditorium and said, "Is there a Miss Collier up there in the circle?" I answered nervously in a very feeble voice, and he told me to come down. The rehearsal was stopped and I was brought to the middle of the stage and introduced to Sir Sidney Colvin and Stephen Phillips, and Mr. Tree asked me to read the scene before Hell. I had never seen the script before. It is one of the most difficult scenes of the play, full of Greek names I couldn't pronounce. When the reading was over there was an ominous silence, then a tear splashed loudly on to the script. I could not raise my head. The silence was broken by a voice that said, "At least she has the profile for it," and that's how I got my first part at His Majesty's to play Pallas Athene in *Ulysses*. I stayed at His Majesty's for twelve years. . . . *The Eternal City*, *Nero*, *Cleopatra*, *Juliet*, *Nancy*, and dozens of other parts.

Looking back, it is strange to see how the pattern of our life is developed . . . a word, a chance meeting perhaps, and our whole destiny is altered. Nothing that one plans ever seems to come off, it is always the unexpected. I knew Charles Frohman, a curious little man, full of charm and very shy. He made few friends, but if he liked you, you could not possibly find a better one. I lunched with him one day at the Savoy Grill. He had asked me that day to meet two of his friends, but they had mistaken the date, and as we sat we began to talk about America. I had never thought of going over and he had never suggested it, but somehow the conversation drifted that way, and I told him I would like to go some day.

## To the New World

He said, "I have an idea." He sent his manager to fetch William Gillette, one of his biggest stars, asking him to join us, and, before the lunch was over, I had signed a contract to be Mr. Gillette's leading lady in his next production, and we sailed in three weeks. So I found myself in New York through an accidental lunch . . . and my whole destiny altered because Mr. Frohman's two friends hadn't turned up. I played in America for a long time, coming back in the summers for the Shakespearian festivals and revivals of *Oliver Twist* and other plays at His Majesty's.

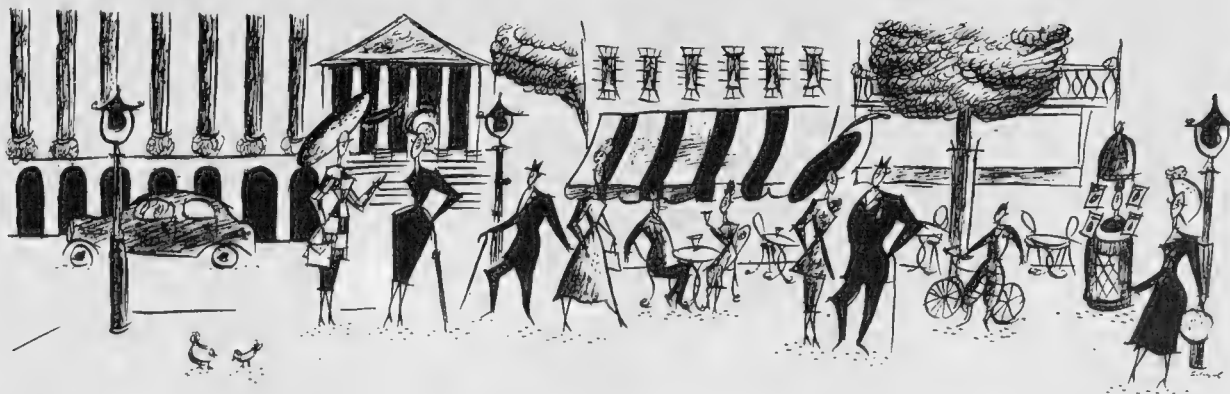
It was at that theatre I produced and directed the play I love best, *Peter Ibbetson*, by George Du Maurier, and took it to New York, playing it there with John and Lionel Barrymore, and afterwards bringing it back to London. Then I was ill and left the stage for nearly two years. My first engagement on my return was in Somerset Maugham's *Our Betters*. On the first night the audience gave me a tremendous welcome home. It nearly unnerved me. I had left them a serious actress, but that night I played my first comedy part. Theatre life is not an easy one: years of hard work, disappointments, bitter struggle; but all this is repaid when we go before the curtain and the audience tell us we have done well.

My career has been full of variety . . . never dull, Gaiety girl, ballet dancer, musical comedy, vaudeville; acting in silent and talking films, radio, television; writing and directing plays . . . the only thing I haven't done is ride a white horse in a circus, which was my idea of glamour as a child. On the whole, not such a bad profile after all!



Constance Collier as a Gaiety girl





# Priscilla of Paris

# The Cabmen Were Busy

**THE FARM-ON-THE-ISLAND.**—How delightful it is to relax here after the rigours of the *Grande Semaine*. And I'm glad it's over. So much ado about so little that really counts.

The water fête at the Piscine Molitor was one of the most agreeable functions of the week—for the performers in the cool, sparkling water and for the competitors, who exhibited the smartest (read "scantiest") swimming-suits. Mere spectators, as usual during this hottest week of the year, were reeling and writhing and fainting in coils.

The Bal des Arts, organised by such famous artists as Van Dongen, Dignimont and Jean-Gabriel Domergue, followed too closely on the Petits Lits Blancs to be quite so brilliant as it might have been, although the wonderful gardens and ballroom of the Solomon de Rothschild mansion formed a lovelier, if less stately, background than the Grand Opera House. Why not have two *grandes semaines* in the year? Keeping the Opera House Bal for December and the Bal des Arts for the June week that closes with the Grand Prix?

A DISAPPOINTING affair, the Grand Prix, this year except for the lucky few who backed the outsider that romped home at tremendous odds. (I'm no racecourse fan and can only hope that these are the right terms to use.) The Concours d'Elegance en Automobile, won by the Comtesse du Pouget, which I saw from afar standing on the running-board of "Miss Chrysler 1926," who had her second wash-and-brush-up of the season in honour of the occasion, was an envy-arousing affair. Such gorgeous cars. Such wonderful frocks. It seems hardly fair that some women should have it both ways.

I sympathised heartily with a pretty, sixteen-year-old competitor who wore shorts and a sports shirt at the wheel of her spandy little two-seater. She wept so charmingly and childishly when she saw the frills and furbelows of her older rivals that she was very properly awarded a consolation prize. Van Dongen, who was a member of the jury, insisted upon this, and we are still wondering exactly to what he referred when he scribbled the maximum points on his card, murmuring as he did so: "What a chassiss!"

ON the night of the Grand Prix we dined at the Tour d'Argent. A cool breeze blew up from the river, the towers of Notre Dame were silhouetted darkly against the last glow of the all-too-cruel sun and the twinkling lights of Paris were very lovely as we relaxed over exquisite food and pluperfect drinks, banishing all thoughts of the bill to follow.

I saw quite a few English and American visitors, including Virginia Vernon, to whom Paris owes the French adaptations of *Journey's End* and *Private Lives*, who also translated into English Simon Gantillon's *Maya* which London has just seen, and who flew some 300,000 miles to all parts of the universe where her job with N.A.A.F.I. took her between '40 and '44. She is giving up her lovely flat on the Quai de Bethune as her journalistic headquarters will now be in London, with various little jaunts to the States, Canada and Russia!

At another table was John Harrison and a party of gay young friends. His African studies both in sepia and in colour are greatly admired in Paris, and we are looking forward to his next show in the autumn. Also there was

Mrs. Hovey, the script-writer from Hollywood, and her really sensationally beautiful daughter Sonya Sevien Hovey, and Miss Constance ("Bill") Sykes, who has so much to do with Anatole de Grunwald's productions.

AMONGST the French notabilities were M. Robert Fossorier, the Mayor of Deauville, and his charming actress-wife, Mary Morgan; M. Pierre Lefranc, the well-known antique furniture expert; M. and Mme. Jean Barreyre (Toto and Tototte), who make journalistic history in this village; and Alice Delysia with her husband, Commandant Kolb-Bernard, who has been acting as French Consul at Southampton for the past year or so. They are now leaving for India and looking pleased at the prospect, but I told Alice that if she wears the Joseph's coat-cum-Picasso effect with glass-gemmed hat to match with which she dazzled us that night, the natives will get what is commonly known as an eyeful.

Voilà!

③ Kindly but somewhat drooly old gentleman, on meeting the small son of a friend for the first time: "Fine little chap! He's got his daddy's eyes, his mother's nose, his auntie's pretty mouth and——" Small son interrupting proudly: "And his big brother's pants!"









# PRINCESS ELIZABETH IS TO MARRY LT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN, R.N.







"Where did you get it, Nettleby?—that's one of the smartest patches I've seen!"



"He's out"



"Do you hunt?"

## D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

# Standing By ...

WHILE Rutlandshire is fighting for its very existence against the Boundary Commission, which threatens to wipe it off the map in the approved Utopian manner, the Rutlanders are leaping to the defence and signing petitions like blood-crazy tigers, our spies report.

Like the Irish and the Andorrans and the Catalans, Rutlanders go berserk whenever their independence is menaced. Their tiny rebellious capital of Oakham has been known to every Chancellery in Europe since King John's time as Hell's Kitchen. Their women are ravishingly beautiful and carry heavy burdens, which the Rutlanders heap on them from an early age, beating them harshly when recalcitrant. After the age of 25 they fade quickly and become crones bent in a hoop, but during their brief heyday they are (travellers say) magical. The Wednesday slave-market at Oakham was till recently one of the sights of the world and thronged by cricketers (see *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*).

You can tell the Rutlander anywhere by his arrogant eye, the rakish cock of his bowler hat, and the challenging swing of his attaché-case.

Ceil d'aigle, jambe de cigogne,  
Moustache de chat, dents de loups,  
Fendant la canaille qui grogne . . .

You pipe up and say this surely refers to the Cadets of Gascony? You are wrong. It depicts the celebrated Oakham Rotarians defying the world at their Thursday luncheon.

### Visitor

MURMURING the lovely music of Gerard Manley Hopkins:

When drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple  
Bloom lights the orchard-apple,  
And thicket and thorp are merry  
With silver-surfed cherry . . .

—we deem it charming of the Inland Revenue to think of extending operations this year to the Kentish cherry-orchards. Nothing sets off those boys' austere beauty more than a background of cherry-trees in blossom. A Japanese colour-print, in fact.

A Russian income-tax collector of the 1880's in frock-coat and top boots crashing in on Tchekov's Lyubov Andreyevna as she moans farewell to her beloved trees would have improved the last scene of *The Cherry Orchard* considerably, apart from the fact that, like the Station-Master in Act III, he'd probably be able to recite poetry, smiling indulgently

towards the end and fumbling in a well-stuffed briefcase. At Somerset House equally the boys are taught deportment, charm, and the social graces. Ask your local inspector, next time you finish seeing him, to sing you Tosti's *Goodbye*.

What are we waiting for, O my heart?  
Kiss me straight on the brow, and part—  
Again! Again!  
My heart! My HEARR-RRRT! . . .

It's not mere empty politeness, it's love of you.

### Cure

DECENT of the *Daily Telegraph*, we thought, to provide a Rest Pavilion at the Three Counties Agricultural Show at Hereford, where tired or frustrated farmers could meet friends, put their dusty, weary dogs up, and write long, daring letters to women admirers.

Why "frustrated"? Because buyers at the Royal Show at Lincoln a couple of weeks before complained bitterly to the Press boys of frustration. Like the Brontë Girls, they roamed forlornly hither and thither with great hungry discontented eyes, and no Harley Street psychoanalyst was there to prescribe.

"You seem to be a maladjusted introvert."  
"Doan't yew be making gaême of Oi."  
"You are deficient in thyroid."  
"Fair maâzed Oi be, meâster."  
"What is your sex-life?"

Well, an agricultural buyer's sex-life is utterly banal, like a County cricketer's, so the Harley Street boy would not be able to charge his client very much, or at least he would. At the same time he naturally wouldn't know a good cure for frustration in agriculturists, contained in a wellknown work by Fray Luis de Granada of Salamanca, written specially for such, and indeed first brought to our notice by a once-morbid gentleman farmer, now as serenely happy as daisies in May.

As for writing expressionist letters to women, this same cure would purge farmers once for all of those licentious addictions of which Dr. Johnson complained in 1778 ("Farmers . . . have all the sensual vices of the nobility, with cheating into the bargain.") Good all round, therefore.

### Potentates

HAVING once had the misfortune, just before closing-time, to displease a Baron of the Cinque Ports (for which we go in craven fear even today), we know how touchy those magnates

are, even when no Coronation is pending. Hence some yahoo recently describing their ancient office as "obsolete" was partly correct but wholly foolhardy, we thought.

Froissart relates how four worthy burgesses of the Ports carried a canopy "of a cloth of estate of blue, with four bells of gold," over Henry IV at his crowning. Today, though they wear (at their own expense) splendid crimson cloaks heavily braided with gold, with black silk breeches and white silk stockings, the Barons—most of them J.P.s in addition—carry the canopy no more. George IV is to blame. He was in such a sweating hurry at his Coronation, fearing his ever-loving wife Caroline might gate-crash the proceedings and create a scene, that the unfortunate Barons of the Cinque Ports had to trot after him with their canopy on a blazing hot day between the Abbey and Westminster Hall like (as somebody said) stout entomologists in chase of some even stouter bejewelled moth. At William IV's Coronation the canopy was banned henceforth.

### Footnote

THE Cinque Ports were originally Dover, Hastings, Sandwich, Romney, and Hythe, unless we err damnably. Rye, Winchelsea, and Seaford were added subsequently. It was in Seaford that we knocked over the Baron's pint by accident, and fled for safety over the Downs to Storrington, where the Canons Regular gave us sanctuary.

### Purge

DIRTY French pictures being abhorrent to Auntie Times, the Lucretia of the Left, one was not unduly surprised to find her Art Critic crying recently that five magnificent Claudes on exhibition at a West End gallery "could certainly do with a wash."

Was the cry sincere, and due to a genuine love of cleanliness? Or to instructions to stimulate the National Gallery boys in their hygienic labours? Or merely to fear of Auntie? Doubt persists when one recollects the case of the *Times* critic who rapped Coleridge for that famous vocal performance in the presence of his girl-friend Genevieve:

I play'd a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

"To cause a blush to suffuse the cheek of immaculate British Girlhood, whether a ruin

or not," wrote the critic in high indignation, "by the singing of rude songs, old or new, is a trick that cannot but cause a decent British bosom to heave," etc., etc.

### Sequel

IN the Athenæum next day, however, he was very saucy about it, leering freely. Finally he buttonholed Coleridge himself and said "Hey, Sam, what was it?"

"What was what?"

"That old rude song you sang to that sweetie-pie of yours. I bet it was *Le Chef de Gare*!"

"Oh, you awful person! I shall report you to the Committee!"

Coleridge couldn't help chuckling, for every serious poet likes to be thought a little devil, and they proceeded arm-in-arm to the Long Bar forthwith. Faugh! What weakness of character! That comes of (a) dope, and (b) mixing with the critic-boys.

### Hitch

RUNNING a bloodshot eye over the Social Columns and noting a recent cocktail-party for some distinguished Overseas visitor "to meet members of the aircraft industry," we thought of an embarrassing occasion soon after World War I, when the guest of the evening, after one quick glance round, decided he didn't want to meet anybody present.

The reception committee argued with him in worried, tactful undertones.

"Why don't you want to meet them?"

"My God, look at their faces!"

"Well, who do you want to meet?"

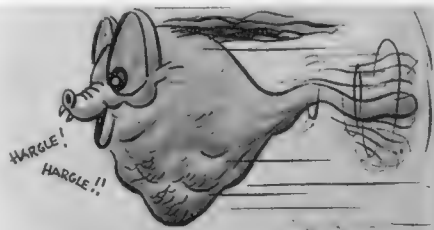
"I don't know. Who can you suggest?"

They had no ideas. We suggested Ramsay MacDonald, Prince Monolulu, Mistinguett, Lloyd George, the Singing Duck from a current Cochran revue, the (then) Editor of the *Sunday Express*, the Gaiety chorus, Capt. Woodward's performing sea-lions, Lord Curzon, Bp. Jardine, Brock, Mr. Selfridge, the Dolly Sisters, H. G. Wells, the Lord Mayor, Les 8 Flying Sapolios from Holborn Empire, Wee Georgie Wood, Clemenceau, the L.C.C. Chief Sanitary Engineer, the (then) Dean of St. Paul's, Marie Lloyd, Duggie Stuart, Moss Bros., and a few more available notabilities of the time. He turned them all down. He said the mere sound of their names gave him faceache and he was going to bed. When he had gone the committee said to us desperately, "Will you be the guest of the evening?" and we said "All right," and we were, and we made a lot of useful big-business contacts and a week later became Chairman of Imperial Chemicals, or so they said, but they may have been fooling.

Anyhow, it just shows what savoir-faire does in an emergency. (End.)

## LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



An excited "PULE" going in search of a mate on May 14th. (The small object is a very nervous "PIPI", which is scared to death!)



Houston Rogers

"Vinnie, you know I love you, do I have to buy out a jewellery store to prove it?" asks Father (Leslie Banks) of tearful mother (Sophie Stewart) in *Life With Father*, at the Savoy Theatre. Set in the New York of the 1880's, this comedy, which has just ended in New York itself after breaking all length-of-run and box-office records, is a shrewdly humorous exaggeration of the average urban couple and their family, and since its production in London has appeared to be much to the taste of English audiences as well. It is founded on magazine sketches, later turned into a book, by the late Clarence Day, and was dramatised by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THE new attorney opened his office, and on the second day had his first client. As the latter entered the office, the lawyer picked up the telephone, and after a few seconds stated, "Well, tell President Jones I will be at the board of directors' meeting this afternoon when the vote is taken."

Turning to the visitor, the attorney asked, "Now, what can I do for you?"

The man gulped. "Me? Oh, I'm just here to connect the 'phone.'"

AT a wedding reception a friend of the groom decided to find out whether anyone in the receiving line knew what the hundreds of people filing past were saying. As he moved along, he purred: "My grandmother died to-day."

"How nice!" "Thank you so much!" "How sweet of you to say so!" were the responses to his announcement. No one had the slightest idea what he said, least of all the groom, who exclaimed jovially: "It's about time you took the same step, old man!"

THE taxi skidded about all over the road, and the passenger inside sat up and straightened her hat, while the taxi continued to swerve about.

"Don't you worry, Miss," the driver assured her cheerily, "I ain't going to land back in any hospital now after eighteen months in one overseas."

"How dreadful!" murmured the passenger sympathetically. "You must have been very seriously wounded."

"No, I wasn't wounded," he replied, happily. "Never got a scratch. I was a mental case!"

A FATHER was lecturing his small son for getting up late in the mornings.

"When I was your age, my boy," he said sternly, "I got up at six every morning, walked ten miles with my dog, and thought nothing of it."

"Well, Dad," grinned the youngster, "I don't think much of it, either."

THREE girls gathered in a small restaurant in the States for lunch. "I think I'll have a chicken sandwich," said the first one.

"That's no good for a young girl," said the waiter. "You take the roast beef."

"Okay," said the girl. "Make it roast beef."

The second girl picked a corned-beef hash. "Don't take that," said the waiter. "It's made up of all the bits other people leave. You take a nice juicy steak."

"All right," said the second girl. "Make it a steak and a cup of coffee."

"Coffee," exclaimed the waiter. "You won't sleep a wink to-night. You have a nice glass of fresh buttermilk."

"Very well," said the girl. "Buttermilk it is."

The third girl looked timidly at the waiter. "What do you think I ought to order?"

"How do I know?" said the waiter indignantly. "I haven't got time to go making suggestions."

THE traffic officer on a New York street became highly enraged at an elderly woman who, after he'd flagged her to stay on the sidewalk, strolled calmly into the street.

"Lady," roared the officer, "don't you know what it means when I hold up my hand?"

"I ought to," she snapped. "For the last twenty-five years I've been a school-teacher!"



## Sabretache

## Pictures in the Fire

FROM no section of the community, not even from the Senior Service, are the loyal congratulations upon the betrothal of our well-beloved Heiress-Presumptive to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten more sincere and heartfelt than from the fox-hunting and racing ones. H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth has touched the softest spot in the British heart, and none amongst her many high qualities has made a quicker appeal to a virile assemblage of her future subjects than her love for two essentially British forms of sport. It is now stale news that the Princess set up a world's fox-hunting record in 1931 when, at the tender age of five on a small pony led by H.M. the Queen (then Duchess of York), she got away from Boughton Covert in front of the whole Pytchley field. Of her fondness for racing and the keen and intelligent interest she takes in it, there has been ample evidence. Of the bridegroom-elect, the former Prince Philip of Greece and Denmark, the world outside the Royal Navy, in which he was practically born and bred, knows little more than that he was mentioned in Sir Andrew Cunningham's despatches on the Battle of Matapan, in which he served in the battleship Valiant as officer in charge of Searchlight Control. The Italian Fleet was never so well lit up. Like every sailor I have ever met, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten is almost fonder of a horse than he is of the restless ocean, and though he has yet to win his spurs in the only arena which some of us think worth while, this is only because the opportunity has been denied him. Upon the occasion of another Royal betrothal as auspicious as this present one, the Supreme Master of the word in season made one of his characters say: "If lusty love should go in search of beauty, where should he find it fairer...? If zealous love should go in search of virtue, where should he find it purer...? If love ambitious sought a match of birth, whose veins bound richer blood...?"

## Keeping Cricket (etc.) Alive

ONE of our greatest—if not, indeed, our greatest—progressive thinkers where the bat-and-ball game is concerned, says that something ought to be done to raise the morale of the bowler and help him to beat the bat, particularly towards the end of the season, when even the greatest dud has got pretty well set and most bowlers are tired to tears of these perfect modern wickets. Mr. D. R. Jardine, ex-All-England captain, suggests that we might try the smaller ball, so popular at prep. schools. Perhaps this might bounce both ways. It would certainly be harder for the batsman to see, but, on the other hand, if he got it bang in the middle of the blade, it might fly heaven knows how far and never be heard of again.

Perhaps making the batsmen have an egg-and-spoon race between wickets would introduce an intriguing novelty? Or why not have six stumps at each end instead of only three? Anything that would add ginger for the public enjoyment is commendable.

Why stop at cricket? Why not some sixteens instead of eights at Henley and Putney? A boat constructed so that the oarsmen in it could row against one another on the tug-of-war principle would not only save timber, of which we are so short, but would eliminate that fussy little artist, Cox, and his "Bowyerlate!" "Twoyerlate!", "Sixyerlate!", and might even lighten the task of Coach, for all that he would have to do would be to yell "Heave!" at the appropriate moments.

Some other ideas which occur to me include four goals instead of two, both for Rugger and Soccer, and the providing of Rugger players with some of those powerful steel hooks used by our sturdy stevedores. As to our box-fights, why not bring back the cestus, which

was so popular at the earlier Olympic Games? It might, of course, result in a bigger crop of broken jaws, but then, most people talk too much, and in these days when rissoles have knocked out the Porterhouse steak, what would it matter in another direction? As to steeple-chasing, why not some of those trampolines used by acrobats, on the take-off sides of the National fences? They would send even the rockiest jumper over the top.

## Hippodromania

SOME people, like our little friend Alice, are fond of ejaculating "Curiouser and curiouser!" with probably the same object as the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, but whether we ought to let them make our flesh creep is open to discussion. We are told, for instance, that there is a Pearl Diver "conundrum" where the Leger is concerned.

Why a conundrum after a perfectly ordinary occurrence? He is not the first hero to succumb in the great French race after earning high honours in an English classic, and he is likewise not the first one to return an evasive answer to an inopportune question. Too soon is quite as bad as too late. The narrow sea, even when there is only a yachtsman's breeze, can be upsetting to both two- and four-legged animals.

Neither Avenger, the Grand Prix winner, nor Tourment and Giafar, who followed him home, are in the Leger, and Pearl Diver, Cadir and Parisien remain the leaders of the French attack. The bookmakers say that the last-named has only a 50 to 1 chance, and they are probably as right about him as they are about his compatriots—Cadir being on offer at 10 to 1 at the time of going to press. It is a good old working rule never to disregard a best performance, in reason; naturally, and I am personally convinced that Pearl Diver's Derby win was a very solid one. Nothing actually shook him up, but something might have done so, differently handled.

The Leger will be a most interesting race, because for one thing a lot of them will be on a course that will suit them a great deal better than Epsom, with its Frightenem Corner. It will be noticed that a sturdy attempt is being made to establish a case for Cadir, well in the scrum at Tattenham Corner. He finished fifth, well behind Tudor Minstrel, and I cannot see why we should be asked to accept him as a better proposition for the Leger than that colt, Migoli, who was second, or Sayajirao, who was third.

A satisfactory recent occurrence is game little Masaka's endorsement at the First July of her Queen Mary Stakes win at Ascot. The French colt Djerid, whom she beat in a good old toe-to-toe fight, won the Chesham Stakes at Ascot, beating Mr. Jack Dewar's Phaetonia, who, like Masaka, is a Nearco.

## The Monsieur L'Amiral Inquiry

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club, represented in this instance by Lord Rosebery, the Senior Steward, and Lord Sefton, and Lord Willoughby de Broke, the two latter acting on behalf of the other two Stewards of the Jockey Club, the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Allendale, who are also Stewards of Ascot, gave their ruling on July 2nd upon the running of Monsieur L'Amiral at the recent Ascot meeting. The owners, Mr. H. Barnard Hankey, Mrs. Ian Henderson and Mrs. Priscilla Gillson, and the jockey, Charles Smirke, were cautioned, the French trainer, Charlier, was exonerated.

On the second day of the Ascot meeting Monsieur L'Amiral finished fifth in the Churchill Stakes (2 miles); on the fourth day of the meeting he won the Queen Alexandra Stakes (2 miles 6 furlongs, 75 yards) by a length from Reynard Volant, winner of the Ascot Stakes (2½ miles) on the first day.



Brig. T. Fairfax-Ross, the runner-up, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Fitzgerald and Mr. A. J. Boyd



Mr. Robert Sweeney and Mr. E. R. H. Boyd. The competition was won by Mr. Eric Stokes



The Hon. A. G. Samuel, Lt.-Col. John Cragie, Mr. B. de N. Cruger and the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon



The Hon. Philip Kindersley and Mr. G. K. de Gooreynd at the tournament, which was held on the Royal Cinque Ports Club course at Deal

White's Club Golf



THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
JULY 1947



Jack Kramer (U.S.A.), who won the Men's Singles without a slip or falter, with Tom Brown, his countryman, beaten in the final

Photographs by D. R. Stuart

### Congratulations—to Winners and Losers

It was a spectators' Wimbledon this year, blessed for the most part with excellent weather, and the standard of play as a whole was extraordinarily high. Above are Doris Hart and Patricia Todd (U.S.A.), with Betty Hilton and Jean Bostock (Britain), whom they beat in the Women's Doubles semi-final

## Scoreboard



THEY are keen cricketers in Manchester. After breakfast, my host was shaking the tablecloth out of the window, when he dropped it, then held it at the third attempt. From the next flat a head popped out and said, "Caught and bowled Edrich, nowt."

Per contra, I was coming away from Old Trafford on top of a bus, musing on the brilliance of Edrich and Denis Compton, and wondering, as usual, how far I had gone in the wrong direction, when a voice in my left ear said gently, "You paid twopence too little."

"The Company," I replied, "must stand it." He was a young man of charming address, as they used to say, and evidently Oriental origins. In Manchester, no one need be a stranger for long.

ODDLY enough, and very mercifully, he didn't want to talk about the Test match. He didn't know, or want to know, that such a thing was being played, and when I told him I'd come from near London to see some cricket, he relapsed into a minute of silent and ruminative amazement.

Recovering consciousness, he asked me many questions about my profession and home life. "As for me," he continued, "I want to go abroad. I am tired of my sweets and tobacco business. Manchester is out of date. Look at the orchestras in the big hotels. 'Blue Danube' on the ruddy viola. Gets on your nerves."

I asked him where he wanted to settle. "Palestine," he said; "are you surprised?" I told him that surprise and me took no notice of each other. "I have," he went on, "a sister in Palestine. She writes to me to come out and join her. She says the dance-bands are wonderful, and that something is always happening in Tel Aviv." And, which is wonderful, he meant no irony.

AN unusual cricket match was played recently. The Squire—they still exist and govern wisely—invited the Colonel to bring a team down for an afternoon match in the Park. He

promised that nothing should happen till after lunch. They were old friends, and had carved their names on the same desk at school. So the Colonel brought his team.

About three o'clock the coin was tossed, and, as the reports used to say before the essayists got at them, the Colonel elected to bat. He took in with him a young batsman of keen eye and correct style, who scored a single from the first ball. Then the Colonel, as he knew he would be, was adjudged l.b.w. by the Squire's butler. At this point, 1-1-0, he declared his innings closed.

In due course, the Squire sent out his opening pair. The Colonel threw the ball to a noted Marathon runner, who, measuring out a 15-yard run, turned round towards the sight-screen behind him and ran towards it, with easy springing stride. There, he turned left, and, taking care to keep within the boundaries, trotted round and round the field. He was still running when time was called.

And what is the solution to this one? An apprehensive batsman came in to face a fast and erratic bowler on a pitch like broken glass, and took up his stance by the square-leg umpire. The very first ball shattered his wicket. But the umpire called a "wide," as the ball was out of the batsman's reach. Stamped envelopes only, please.

THERE is no end to the jokes of the professional boxing ring. Joe Baksi, who pulverised Bruce Woodcock, was beaten by the Swede Tandberg, who was beaten by Eddie Phillips, who wouldn't live six rounds with Woodcock. One Lew Burston, an emissary of Mr. Mike Jacobs, signed up both Baksi and Tandberg to fight Joe Louis; presumably, both at once—a fistic threesome. After the fight between Baksi and Tandberg, Burston remarked, it seems, "In America, Baksi would have been the winner." I like "in America," and "would have been." In fact, I like it all.

ON Saturday, the Fourth Test at Headingley, Leeds; the only ground on which a spectator has taken my straw-hat and thrown it on to the field of play. He said he disliked the hatband.

R.C. Robertson-Glasgow



Margaret Osborne (U.S.A.), winner of the Women's Singles, with her opponent, Doris Hart (U.S.A.)



And here is Margaret Osborne with her trophy, which has Helen Wills Moody's name on it seven times, and Suzanne Lenglen's four times





Brodrick Haldane

Sir Basil and  
Lady Bartlett

These pictures of Sir Basil and Lady Bartlett with Lucy, aged six, and Annabel, two of their three attractive small daughters, were taken at their Sunningdale home shortly after Sir Basil's new play, *A Fish in the Family*, was produced at the Boltons Theatre. During the war Sir Basil served in France and was torpedoed at Dunkirk, later joining the War Office Script Branch of the Army Kinematograph Service, and in 1943 went to 2 Army Group as a Lieut.-Col. Lady Bartlett, only daughter of the late Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch, is the granddaughter of Lily Langtry, and is attached to the Overseas Division of the B.B.C.

## Elizabeth Bowen's

# Bookshelf

### Reviewed Here

"Eustace and Hilda"

"Indian Flamingo"

"A Way of Looking at Pictures"

"The Young King and Other Stories"

"EUSTACE AND HILDA," by L. P. Hartley (Putnam; ros. 6d.), is the awaited third of the Eustace trilogy. Here is the conclusion, and fulfilment, of the story of the brother and sister—begun in *The Shrimp* and *the Anemone*, having its middle part in *The Sixth Heaven*. These three novels have, the reader must feel, essentially been conceived as one whole: appearing separately they did, it is true, present themselves one by one for judgment, and no one of the three is to be found, as a book in itself, incomplete.

None the less, part of the fascination of both *The Shrimp* and *the Anemone* and *The Sixth Heaven* was due to one's sense of suspended, unfinished plot—of a situation crystallising itself, coming nearer and nearer, but still always due, overdue perhaps, to confront at least one of the characters with its entire force. A lesser novelist than Mr. Hartley might have trembled before the demands of his story's end. For, in giving us the Cherringtons and in drawing us, with each chapter, more and more closely into the implications of their entwined fates, he had, irrevocably, "started something," and awareness of having done that can be no less alarming to the creative writer than to the private person.

He *could*, when he came to this third book, have trifled, side-stepped, or allowed the situation to evaporate—suggesting that everything had, after all, been a false alarm. He has not done so: he has, on the contrary, faced every issue, answered every question, thereby dealing honourably with his characters, his readers and his art.

\* \* \*

"EUSTACE AND HILDA" carries not only its own weight, but that of its predecessors magnificently. "Weight," may be a misleading term—for never was a novel so fully charged *less*, in the unacceptable sense, heavy.

The urbanity of this author's style, the friendliness of his irony, the light spontaneity of his dialogue, and his communicative pleasure in persons, moments and scenes for their own sakes have never been more to the fore than they are here. As to scene; indeed, does not the novel open, and deploy a great part of its action, in a place most pleasing to contemplate: summer Venice? And what could be more agreeable than to find oneself, at the start, in the presence of Lady Nelly?

Lady Nelly came out from the cool, porphyry-tinted twilight of St. Mark's into the strong white sunshine of the Piazza.

The heat, like a lover, had possessed the day; its presence, as positive and self-confident as an Italian tenor's, rified the senses, and would not be denied. Lady Nelly moved on into the glare; she wore dark glasses to shield her eyes, and her face looked pale under her broad-brimmed hat, for the fashion for being sunburnt was one she did not follow. A true Venetian, she did not try to avoid treading on the pigeons, which nodded to each other as they bustled about her feet; but when she came in line with the three flag-poles she paused and looked around her.

The scene was too familiar for her to take in its detail, though, as always, she felt unconsciously uplifted by it. The drawing-room of Europe, Henry James had called it, and as befitted a drawing-room it was well furnished with chairs. . . .

\* \* \*

THIS is, in fact, the morning of the day on which Eustace is to arrive—Eustace, whom we left at the end of *The Sixth Heaven* having said "yes" to the dizzying invitation; and who, still better, has lived since that Anchorstone Hall week-end in anticipation of wedding-bells: not his own, Hilda's. His project, that Hilda should marry Dick Staveley, looks like being realised. Or at least, looks so to Eustace's wish-clouded eyes. The Staveleys have been, as it were, the Guermentes of Eustace's modest seaside youth; the reappearance at Oxford of Dick Staveley, as war hero and rising young politician, has been an event for the poised, if mild, undergraduate Eustace has now become; and Eustace's forcing of his reluctant sister to accept the ensuing Anchorstone invitation has been a triumph.

Triumph, and something more: this steering by Eustace of Hilda's destiny undoes, in a deep, subtle way, her original domination of him. Have we not watched, in *The Sixth Heaven*, Eustace's attempts to move out of Hilda's grasp? Beautiful, inhumanly single-minded, she has been, since their childhood of the Anchorstone sands, the remorseless arbiter of her brother's conscience: nothing he does escapes, and little pleases, her eye. Of the world newly opening out for him through his Oxford friendships she (officially deep in the cares of a clinic for crippled children) is the unsleeping censor. Eustace, in Hilda's view, is his elder sister's possession—nay, more: her

creature. Nor, in fact, can the reader doubt that it is thanks to Hilda that his conscience (as his friends do from time to time point out) has come to be one kind of morbid growth.

\* \* \*

SLIGHT assertion, on Eustace's side, had come with the making-over of half Miss Fothergill's legacy: Hilda owes her part-proprietorship of the clinic to his generosity. Now, apparently, she is to owe to Eustace her status as the next Lady Staveley of Anchorstone. For Eustace, the joys of Venice, the water-reflecting rooms of the Palazzo Sfortunato, the come-and-go in the gondola, the diversions of cosmopolitan society under Lady Nelly's wing, and, best of all, before other guests arrive, the intoxicating tête-à-tête with his hostess, are to be reinforced by a continuous daydream. Is it possible, also, that in having pitched on Dick Staveley, forceful and notably dangerous character, as Hilda's lover-husband, Eustace is fostering a submerged wish that Hilda should meet her match—or, even, her Nemesis?

This may or may not be so: in whichever case, it does not make the horror of the announcement from England less. The news of her nephew's engagement to someone else is broken, with infinite kindness, to Eustace by Lady Nelly. Hilda, in plain Victorian terms, has been betrayed and abandoned. Worse, as result of the shock, she is paralysed. Eustace returns to England, to an Anchorstone not of the Hall, but of the villa, to deal with a situation for which, being Eustace, he cannot but totally blame himself. Locked in a dreadful silence, Hilda waits to confront him.

The rest of the *Eustace and Hilda* story no reviewer, on principle, should reveal. Here is sheer Victorian melodrama handled by one of the most adult, sensitive and, in the austere sense, sophisticated minds of our own century. . . . Let me dwell, rather, on that extraordinary reflection of Venice, in all her moods, in the mirror of a young man's susceptibility; on the enchanting, dementing character of Lady Nelly, and the wisdom of her consolatory talk with Ernest—"I've never regretted any experience that I've had. But I've regretted a good many that I've missed"—on the episode of Eustace's "lustral bath," among a shoal of other bodies and souls, on the night of the feast of the Redentore; and on the seeing of the premonitory ghost. The

final, Anchorstone chapters are of a power which, rightly, is inseparable from their plot.

"INDIAN FLAMINGO," by Charles Fabri (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), begins with high promise, but tapers off in a manner which, given the importance of the subject, is exasperating. This picture of a group of Indian intelligentsia and their English friends, at Lahore, in the nineteen-thirties, should, I feel, at any price, be dispassionate, but unfortunately it becomes inundated by sentiment. The hero of *Indian Flamingo*, one John Fawcett, curator of the Lahore Museum, falls in love and loses his head; and so, also, sympathetically, from that point on does Fawcett's creator Dr. Fabri. Accordingly, the novel goes up in smoke—smoke of ratiocination, hysteria, suicides, and self-and-racial-analysis of the most fruitless kind.

THE "Flamingo" is Padmā, twenty-three-year-old sister of Kishen Lal Mitra—who, cultivated young barrister with a taste for poetry, is idyllically happily married to an English wife. It is at a dinner party at the Mitras' (at which the guests, congenial to one another, are some Indian, some English) that Padmā, in her pink sari, appears for the first time. The party, with its æsthetic charm but none the less underlying tensions, is, in the first chapter, shown us through Fawcett's eyes:—

"Torn between two worlds," said Saidullah, shaking his head. "Torn between the East and the West, rootless. I often find myself not only thinking in English, but I find the English word easier than the Urdu one."

He added, after a while:

"Except, of course, when I write Urdu poetry." There was silence around the table, silence in which we all must have thought the same. We were suddenly aware, as so often, that we men, and those ladies in the other room, all belonged, as it were, to two worlds, two different worlds. Here was the clash of centuries in front of us, the clash of two vast civilisations; the old and the new, the East and the West. We belonged to both. Life, life in India, life in a Panjab town, had thrown us together, six men fond of each other, feeling and thinking in much the same way, similar in many respects, whatever our roots were, but similar in this particular matter most of all, that we belonged both to the West and to the East. It was—among other things which attracted us in each other—this intellectual absorption in both worlds, this living in a period of transition and moulding, that threw us together. . . .

Psychologically, a fascinating group to study. But one cannot help feeling, as the story proceeds, that Fawcett lacks objectivity.

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

TURNER LAYTON came to this country some twenty-odd years ago. He has stayed with us, and for the past ten years has been giving pleasure to millions of people. No matter if he is on the stage, on the "air," or on gramophone records, Layton always gives a performance of polish and genuine artistry. It is not the fault of the artist if, sometimes, he is given bad material to record, and it is a pity that this talented entertainer had to make *How Lucky You Are*. He does it with his usual good grace, but I would rather he had been given something else. Why not one of his own compositions?

The reverse side is devoted to *Try a Little Tenderness*. This song was written by Jimmie Campbell, Reg Connelly and Harry Woods, who came here some years ago to write music for Jessie Matthews' films. No singer can make a song if there is no song to sing, and Turner Layton shows that, given the material, and he has it in *Try a Little Tenderness*, he can still make the top grade. This record is worth hearing, the music and lyrics are there, and the piano and voice present another Turner Layton winner. The record is Columbia (FB. 3318).

Robert Tredinnick.

One could also wish him, both as narrator of the story and in his dealings with the inflammable Flamingo, more horse-sense. He is pompous, too. Asked if he means to marry, he replies: "Ah, marry. Yes, if one found a really fine woman. One who would understand, a woman who would be one's real mate in this adventure called the Great Quest. . . ."

Might he not, also, have contributed to his spiritual partnership with his Indian friends rather more of our notable, national self-control? As it is, on learning that Padmā has disappeared, he creates, in front of a sympathetic circle, a scene, for which, I consider, he should have lived to blush. "Standing here like a madman, beating my forehead, when I ought to be pursuing her, finding her, this woman that I adored, worshipped, and for whom I would have given gladly all I had, myself, my whole self, my life, my salvation, everything. Where was she? What had happened to her? Had that mother of hers done something to her? Oh, gods, what had

happened to her, to my beloved, my wonderful Lotus Flower, my Flamingo that flew away?

"My God, my God. . . ."

Padmā, who has simply taken a train to Kashmir (as surely a girl of her age, educated at an American missionary college, should have been able to do?), is discovered painting on a hillside, but collapses in a faint at Fawcett's approach. Meanwhile, George, a young British officer, and the Saidullah aforesaid, Voltairean poet, have both committed suicide for love of her. My own, alas, giant ignorance of India, coupled with my critical attitude to Fawcett, make it impossible for me to know whether the Flamingo's character is or is not out of drawing. She seemed to me, by any (I mean, Oriental or Occidental) standards, tiresome—though the correction administered, belatedly, by her mother was perhaps extreme. . . . She is, it is true, we have been told, one of a group of characters "in transition." And, a genius.

The publishers claim for the author of this book that he "shows how, with understanding and good will, the seemingly irreconcilable elements of East and West can be brought into harmony with one another." With understanding and good will, by all means, yes—let us at least, at this time of all times, devoutly hope so! I still can but feel that what Dr. Fabri advocates is little more than a riot of sensibility. . . . However, *Indian Flamingo* has merits one should not slight: most of all love of, sense of, and gift of conveying beauty.

ALLAN GWYNNE-JONES'S *A Way of Looking at Pictures* (Phoenix House; 3s. 6d.) is a book to be sought, this summer, with the expansion of travel and the reopening, on all sides, of famous galleries. This very slender volume (pocket or handbag size) is packed with suggestion, and is at the same time lucid. Without being didactic, it is the ideal pointer, allowing full respect for the individual point of view—in fact, that one *should* have an individual point of view, and not allow oneself to be hypnotised by great names, is foremost among Mr. Gwynne-Jones's arguments.

THE revival of book-illustration is to be watched with interest: several publishers, I see, promise us series of re-pictured classics. This week, I have in hand Oscar Wilde's *The Young King and Other Stories* (Allan Wingate; 21s.), in which I find Wilde's mannered yet, in this instance, effectively tender prose interpreted by the drawings of Georg Ehrlich. The drawings, light and apparently vague in line, are pagan, rhythmic, melancholy. The exquisite third of the stories, "The Happy Prince," is enough, without any picture, to draw tears.



Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Porter, Jun., with their infant daughter, Anne Renfrew, after her christening at the Union Church, Boston, U.S.A. Behind are Mr. and Mrs. S. Hollowell and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. MacKellar, who stood proxy for the English godparents



Mr. and Mrs. John F. B. Satchell had their infant son christened John Timothy Moffatt at Hawridge Church, near Chesham, Bucks. The godparents were Mrs. Diana Ansell, the Earl of Ranfurly, Mr. Richard Baerlein and Mr. John Pleydell (for whom Mr. Leslie Hinners stood proxy)



Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lockhart at the christening of their son, James Mungo Somervell, by the Rev. Sir Charles Bentinck, Vicar of Christ Church, Brussels. Mr. Lockhart is Press Attaché at the British Embassy in Brussels



# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Glover — Gates*

Mr. Peter Glover, son of Mr. and Mrs. Otho Glover, of Frodsham, Cheshire, married Miss Sheila Gates, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Valder Gates, M.B.E., and Mrs. Gates, of Guildford, at St. Nicholas's Church, Compton



*Balfour — Rhodes*

Mr. John Valentine Balfour, son of Mr. A. R. Balfour, of Lima, Peru, and Mrs. Pearl Balfour, of 48, Smith Street, Chelsea, married Miss Maureen Rhodes, daughter of the late Major A. T. G. Rhodes, M.V.O., and of the Honr. Mrs. Rhodes, of Mount Offham, West Malling, Kent, at All Saints', Birling, Kent



*Bishop — Gray*

Mr. Grahame E. Bishop (late Black Watch, Royal Highland Regiment) married Mrs. Beryl Cameron Gray, widow of Lieut. J. Cameron Gray, R.E., at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, W.1



*Butler — Cameron*

Major John Hermitage Butler, 7th Gurkhas, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Price Butler, of York and Ballycastle, N. Ireland, married Miss Patricia Joan Cameron, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cameron, of Mount Lofty, Adelaide, Australia, at All Saints' Church, Coonoor, S. India



*Ingles — Cassin*

Major M. H. Ingles, Wiltshire Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Ingles, of Churston, Devon, married Miss Barbara W. Cassin, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cassin, of Crawley Down, Sussex, at St. Mary-le-Strand, W.C.2



and for you, madam, who do not desire a real tan, Helena Rubinstein has perfected her new *Beach Tan Foundation*. It performs a double duty, creating the illusion of a lovely sun tan and yet preventing any natural browning of the skin. For a lovely, even, *natural tan*, use *Sun Tonic* applied only lightly. Either is perfect as a powder base for the matching *Beach Tan Powder*, *Regimental Red Lipstick* and rouge completes a make-up that is excitingly flattering in its healthful appeal.

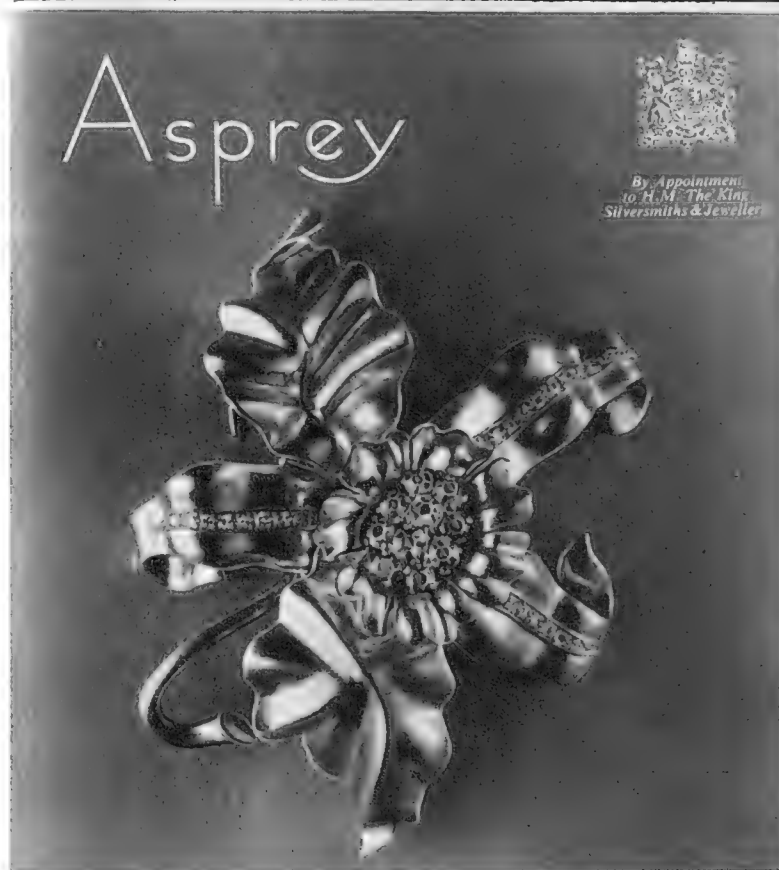
Sun Tonic 14/2, Foundation 9/2, Powder 10/10, Lipstick 10/10, Rouge 7/6. All prices include tax.

# Helena Rubinstein

48 BERKELEY SQUARE W.1 GROSVENOR 1407



'NICOLL CLOTHES' (Wholesale only) 8, 9, 10 LOWER JAMES STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1  
M. J. NICOLL & CO. LTD.



Asprey invite you to inspect, at their Bond Street or Cheltenham premises, their Collection of new designs in Gold Gem-set Jewellery. The piece shown here is a large gold flower brooch, set with Rubies and Diamonds. The price is £300.

ASPREY & CO. LTD. 165-168 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1  
and 62-64 The Promenade, Cheltenham.



Blouses - our speciality

# Swan & Edgar

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

Regent 1616.





*Photograph by John Cole*

**MET**

**WITH**

**APPROVAL**

● The practical evening coat is a proposition so seldom met with at the moment that this model in French grosgrain commands especial approval. In white, black and pastel. In stock at Harvey Nichols' in 39 or 42 hip. Other sizes made to order. Price nineteen guineas and nine coupons.

**Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis**



THE  
**Dorothy Gray**  
Salon

32, NEW BOND ST., W. I.

*Where cares slip away . . . and  
the years are discarded . . .  
with a treatment individual  
to the needs of your skin.*

PHONE: MAYFAIR 6496

**Twomax**

REAL SCOTCH  
KNITWEAR



**TWOMAX**  
"WHITE STAR" SWIM SUITS

This is a typical example of one of our small range of "White Star" Swim Suits now returning to the market after 6 years. Obtainable only in 36" Bust in the following colours:—Scarlet, Royal Blue, Vivid Green, Gold and Turquoise.

McCLURE & McINTOSH Ltd.  
GLASGOW, C.5

Obtainable from all good Stores.  
We cannot supply the Public direct.

Nightdress in luxurious  
'Celanese' Satin created with  
a yearning for the return of  
lavish use of lace . . .



BEAUTIFUL BECAUSE IT'S

**'Celanese'**  
TRADE MARK





**Tango**

*Quality* **HEADWEAR**  
*styled by* **RONSON**

Obtainable at all leading stores in White, Summer Pastels, Black, Brown, Navy etc.

*Trade Enquiries (Wholesale & Export Only) to*  
**RONSONS LIMITED, 37-39 Oxford Street, LONDON W.1**  
*Phone Gerrard 2148-2149*

## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



**Miss Elizabeth Macfadyen**, eldest daughter of Sir Eric and Lady Macfadyen of Meopham Bank, nr. Tonbridge, Kent, has announced her engagement to Mr. M. C. Fitzherbert, D.F.C., eldest son of Mr. C. H. Fitzherbert, D.S.C., and Mrs. Fitzherbert of Millbrook, Abbeyleix, Co. Leix



Hassano

**Miss Ruth K. B. Parker**, daughter of Sir William and Lady Parker of Llangattock Court, Crickhowell, Breconshire, who has become engaged to Mr. Richard Arthur Cole-Hamilton, eldest son of Canon and Mrs. R. M. Cole-Hamilton of Llangattock Rectory



**Miss C. P. Hunt**, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Hunt of Cadenham Grange, Cadnam, Southampton, has announced her engagement to Lieut. I. G. Raikes, D.S.C., R.N., second son of Admiral Sir Robert Raikes and Lady Raikes of Mantley, Newent, Gloucestershire



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Diana Cunliffe-Owen**, younger daughter of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., of Sunningdale Park, Ascot, Berks, whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. William Gavin Buchanan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Buchanan of London, Ontario, Canada



Harlip

**Baroness Maria-Teresa Du Four**, only daughter of Mme Paul Ruegger and stepdaughter of H.E. the Swiss Minister, who has announced her engagement to the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong, only son of Lord and Lady Armstrong of Crag-side, Rothbury, and Bamburgh Castle, Northumberland



Fayer

**Lady Jean Sybil Violet Graham**, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, of Brodick Castle, Isle of Arran, and Auchmar, Drymen, Glasgow, who has become engaged to Mr. John Patrick Ilbert Fforde of the Palestine Police

*"Country Life"*



**COATS, SUITS  
ENSEMBLES**  
**IN**  
**AUTHENTIC  
TWEEDS**

"COUNTRY LIFE" IS A REGISTERED NAME

# GOOD NEWS!



Production is increasing ;  
Quality is improving ;  
They are a *sheer* delight ;  
Fully fashioned of course !

## Pretty Polly Stockings

— Speak for themselves! —



# Seigal

FROM LEADING FASHION HOUSES EVERYWHERE



Convenient,  
palatable,  
effective . . .

'Milk of Magnesia' \* Tablets,  
by effectively correcting acidity,  
give prompt relief from indiges-  
tion. They are pleasantly mint-  
flavoured; convenient to take  
whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'  
TABLETS (Regd.)

\* Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia



— SALONS —

LONDON: 130 NEW BOND ST., W.1  
(Corner of Grosvenor St.) Phone: MAYFAIR 0396  
NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57th STREET  
PARIS: 7 PLACE VENDOME

## Lovely Choice

They have lovely, provocative names, and they are the colours of Peggy Sage's well-remembered nail polishes, now back again in the shops — a brilliant, jewel-like collection. Peggy Sage is always striving for improved quality, but materials are still in short supply. In the meantime, always in the lead, she offers her clients the finest possible polish under present conditions.

Peggy Sage  
FINGER-TIP SPECIALIST



the best shops now have  
limited supplies of  
**Valstar**  
RAINCOATS  
VALSTAR LTD - SALFORD 6 - LANC.  
also at 314 Regent Street, London W.1  
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR



# Oliver Steward on FLYING

SOMETIMES one gets the impression that those in authority over us are devoid of a sense of humour. I think it was a question by Sir John Mellor in the House of Commons that elicited the information that there now existed at the Ministry of Civil Aviation the almost unbelievable appointment of a Director of Amenities.

Apparently he gets a salary of £1,320 a year, and is now engaged on an initial survey of the "problem." So even amenities are now a "problem," something very solemn and pompous; something having to do, not with the ordinary everyday comforts and pleasures of you and me, but with the "national interest."

Sometimes one aches to see aviation or rather the Ministers and officials who deal with aviation, taking themselves less seriously and introducing a little of the lighthearted irresponsibility that used to inform the work of the pioneers.

It is most important that our airports should be pleasant places and presumably the Director of Amenities will try to make them so. But I fear his trend of thought will be in the direction of libraries full of educative tomes rather than in the direction of champagne and dancing girls. What an urgent need there is today for an irreverent, uninhibited and daring satirical paper! But no one would get the paper to start one for it would not be in the "national interest."

## Night (Air) Mail

THE Post Office is hoping to be able to do something about inland air mails within a year. The scheme is to run mail services over the longer distances and to run them by night.

Such a step would be of the utmost value to aviation development for it would give a fresh impetus to progress in instrument flying and in instrument design and construction. Moreover it would help to kill the idea that the distances in the United Kingdom are so short that there is no scope for air mail services.

I do not think that the mails have been used enough



Mrs. Harben, widow of W/Cdr. Harben, presenting the trophy given in memory of her husband to the winner of the Magister Handicap race, F/Lt. J. Findlay, at the Derby air meeting

in the past as a means of accelerating air service progress. I would like to see a fleet of a hundred ultra-high speed air mail carriers put in hand. An experimental air mail service could then be run. It would assuredly provide useful information.

## Brilliant "Soloists"

SOME casual remarks I made here a short time ago about the time people took at dual instruction, before going solo, brought a surprisingly large number of comments. But some writers mistook me. I was not suggesting that seven or eight hours dual instruction was an exceptionally short time. I went solo myself after less than two hours dual. What I was suggesting was that it was the time the ordinary person might expect to have to take under ordinary conditions at the ordinary club.

Club members often go solo in less than eight hours. Only the other day the Cinque Ports Club reported to me the case of a Mr. Baker, who went solo in three

hours forty-five minutes. But one cannot have a sort of competition in this, for so much depends on the aircraft used, on the ability of the pupil to seize every spell of good weather and on the frequency and duration of such spells of good weather.

In the early days of instruction in a Maurice Farman Longhorn, there was no "dual" in the true sense, for one sat behind and slightly above the instructor and one put one's arms round him to grasp the "spectacles." The first solo was therefore made from a changed position, with a changed relationship between horizon and the front of the machine. But the dual instruction periods were extremely short and the old Maurice could pardon quite serious errors.

## Busy I.C.A.O.

INCREASING importance is attaching to the work of the International Civil Aviation Organization as different countries adopt its recommendations. The Organization is gradually achieving its purpose of providing a suitable frame within which the air transport services of all countries can operate to advantage.

But I.C.A.O. has its special problems. One is language. It has now decided that two languages, selected from English, French and Spanish, are normally to be chosen by the Council for the conduct of meetings, for the interpretation of speeches and statements and for the drafting of final reports.

One of the most useful steps taken by I.C.A.O. recently I have already referred to, the decision to recommend the use of the metric system, the Centigrade thermometer and the twenty-four hours clock for all air-ground communications.

The Organization has a busy season before it with meetings in Mexico City in August, in Paris in September, in Rio de Janeiro in October and in Brussels in March of next year. Meteorology; aerodromes, air routes and ground aids; personnel licensing; maps, charts and statistics are among the subjects to be treated.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1/6, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

There's heaven  
in a 'Seven'

ABDULLA NO. 7

FOR VIRGINIA  
SMOKERS

20 for 3/8

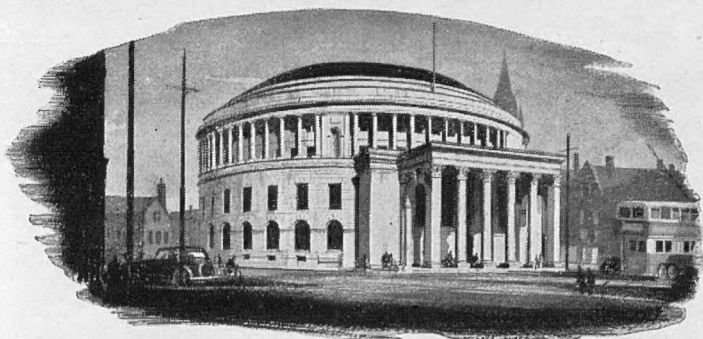


"Waukeezi"

SPORTOCRATIC — ideal for men's wear on sporting occasions. Best grade welted style in calf, with White Buck front panel. Also in Amphibian waterproof leather.

If this model is out of stock there will be other WAUKEEZI styles at your Agent.  
The WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD. NORTHAMPTON

## CITIES IN WHICH WE SERVE



Central Library, Manchester

MANCHESTER. The Romans named it Mancunium—the Domesday Book calls it Mamecester. Between whiles it suffered a lot from the Danes. But by the 13th century it was a promising spot for making textiles. In Elizabeth's reign "it surpassed neighbouring towns in elegance." An 18th century visitor describes it as "the busiest village in England." The visitor today finds Manchester far from humdrum, and at the Austin Reed shop in St. Ann's Square he will always find a friendly welcome.

## JUST A PART OF THE AUSTIN REED SERVICE

REGENT STREET, LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

*Fashion demands*

**Coleman**

CLOTHS

SAVILE ROW

*At the leading stores*

Alfred Coleman (Textiles) Ltd. (Wholesale only), 32 Savile Row, W.1



GRIGOR for

VIGOR

Traditional quality  
**OLD SCOTCH WHISKY**  
in original OLD FASHIONED  
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although  
restricted in distribution by scarcity  
of old stocks

**WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON  
INVERNESS**



WEAR



Weatherproof Jackets  
and Raincoats

WINDAK LTD., POYNTON, CHESHIRE

295

*From the Largest Cyder Apple Orchards in the World*

**WHITEWAY'S  
CYDER**

THE HEALTH EXPRESS  
FROM DEVONSHIRE



**16**  
PER SCREW  
QT. FLAGON  
Bottle Extra

Down in the heart of 'Glorious Devon'  
— in the pathway of the sun — the  
Whiteways have been growing apples  
and making cyder for over 300 years.

MEDIUM—SWEET  
OR DRY





### WHAT'S OFF?

"Aha — the menu. I could eat a horse today."

"There's only corned beef salad left, Sir."

"Looks as if I'm going to get my wish, eh? Never mind, there were times when we were glad of bully in the Army, weren't we?"

"I wasn't in the Army, Sir."

"The R.A.F., eh?"

"Not me, Sir. I was on essential work — bus conducting. Will you be drinking something, Sir?"

"Well, if you had any Rose's Lime Juice, I'd have a Rose's — and something."

"'Fraid we couldn't do that, Sir — even if we had any Rose's."

"Why ever not?"

"I don't suppose we'd have the 'something' then, Sir."

**ROSE'S** — There is no substitute

A WHITBREAD DRAYMAN, 1800.



*Estd. 1742*

## WHITBREAD

*Brewers of Ale and Stout*

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

## VAPEX

**BREATHE THE VAPOUR**

### FOR COLDS

Vapex quickly and safely relieves the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head. Breathe the vapour from your handkerchief or pillow.

Use Vapex too as a protection from the colds of others. The antiseptic vapour is a simple, pleasant precaution against the spread of infection.

From your Chemist 2/3

KERFOOT • BARDSELEY • ENGLAND

THE BEST FROM



THE WEST...

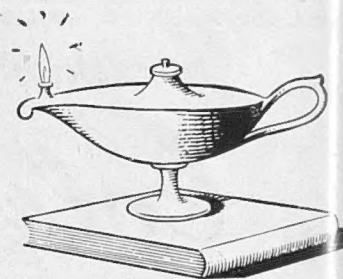
# SYMONS'

DEVON

## CYDER

*The WISE Habit!*

APPLE MILLS • TOTNES • DEVON & AT LONDON



*"In the present state of medical knowledge..."*

However many new truths medical science may discover, one remains unassailable: nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic contains organic phosphorus and protein in their most easily assimilable form. If you are feeling tired or run-down, ask your chemist for a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

## 'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

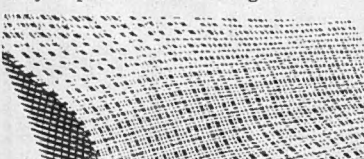
In one size only at present—  
7/5d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'Genatosan' Product.

**Please don't blame your outfitter if you can't get**

## AERTEX

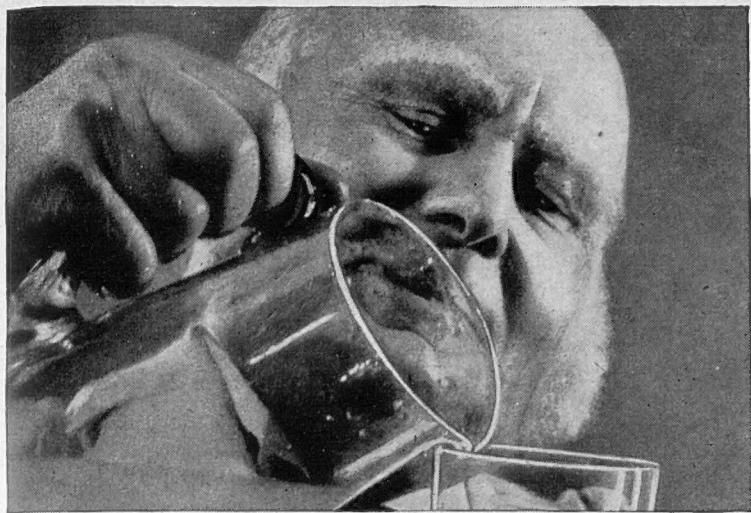
The trouble is that the Board of Trade still cannot permit us to deviate from the simple standards laid down and allow us to make the complicated cellular fabric which is the *real* Aertex. Everyone, including the Board of Trade, is doing their best and we can only hope it won't be long now!



CELLULAR CLOTHING CO LTD LONDON W1





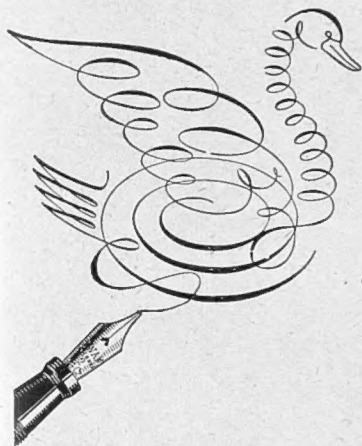


**I'm kept on my toes,**

says OLD HETHERS

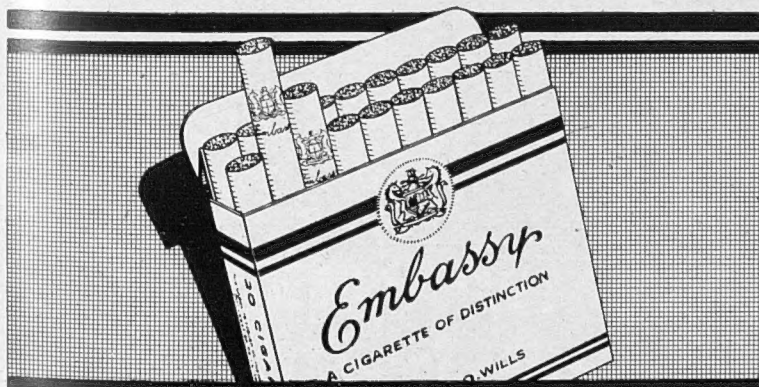
I've been on the go all the week-end making jugful after jugful ! Lucky I got an extra tin of Robinson's or you'd have gone thirsty. But it's no trouble really, sir. Making it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley is easy as kiss your hand. Quite apart from its being a grand drink, there's the medical angle too. You see, barley water is *good* for you—and what could be better than something you like that does you good ?

**Barley Water from  
ROBINSON'S  
'PATENT' BARLEY**



*You can now buy  
a Swan and make  
writing a pleasure!  
Ask persistently  
till you get hold  
of this treasure!*

Side lever and leverless from 21/- to 50/-, purchase tax extra  
Showroom & Service Depot: 110 New Bond Street, London W.1.  
MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD., 41 PARK STREET, LONDON W.1



**LARGE SIZE—MILD FLAVOUR  
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED**

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

EM338



**MR. PEEK:**

*Eight letters meaning 'good to eat'*

**MR. FREAN:**

*That's easy . . . simply Vita-Weat*

PEEK FREAN'S

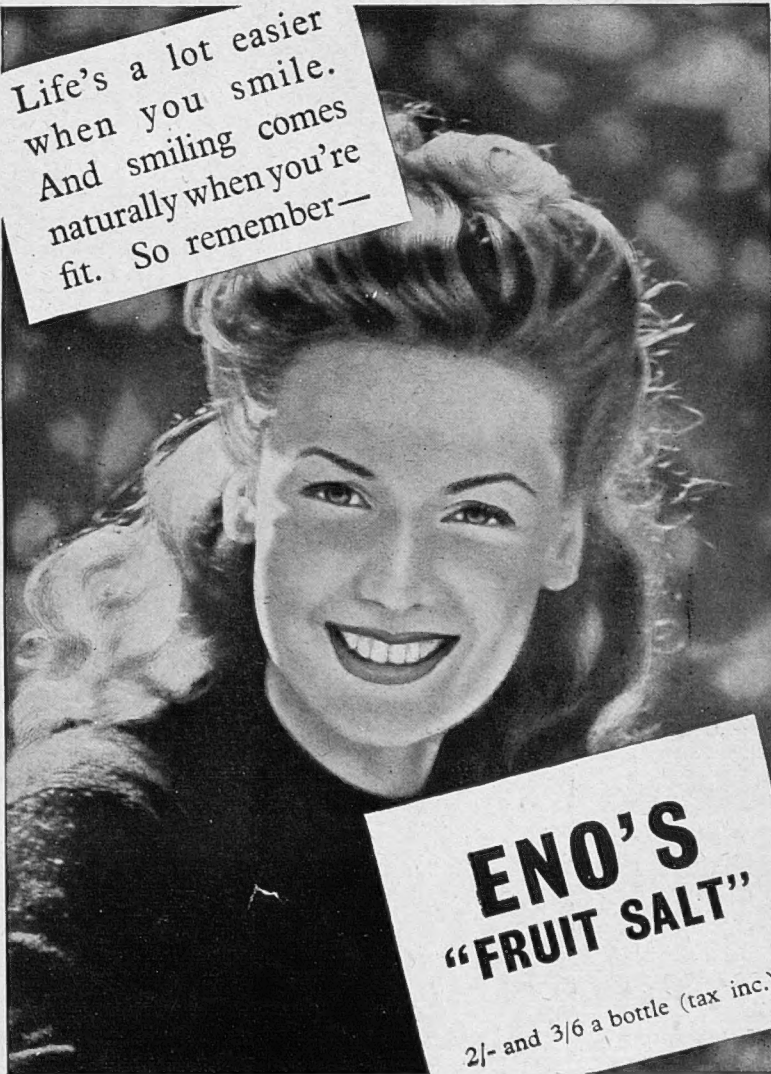
**Vita-Weat**

REGD.

By Appointment  
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.,  
Biscuit & Vita-Weat  
Crispbread Manufacturers

THE CRISPBREAD THAT IS ALL WHEAT

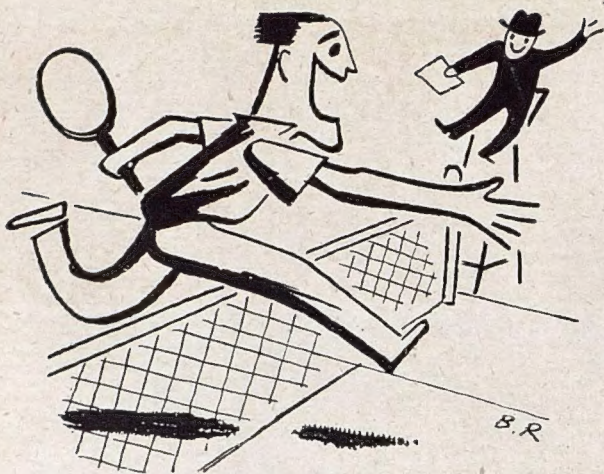
*Life's a lot easier  
when you smile.  
And smiling comes  
naturally when you're  
fit. So remember—*



**ENO'S  
"FRUIT SALT"**

2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)





A parching sun, a cloudless sky,  
The centre court and you and I;  
The set has lingered on and on,  
With double deuce and deuce anon;  
A back hand smash. We cheer—and how!  
We can have gin and VOTRIX now.

## VOTRIX VERMOUTH

SWEET **9/3** OR DRY

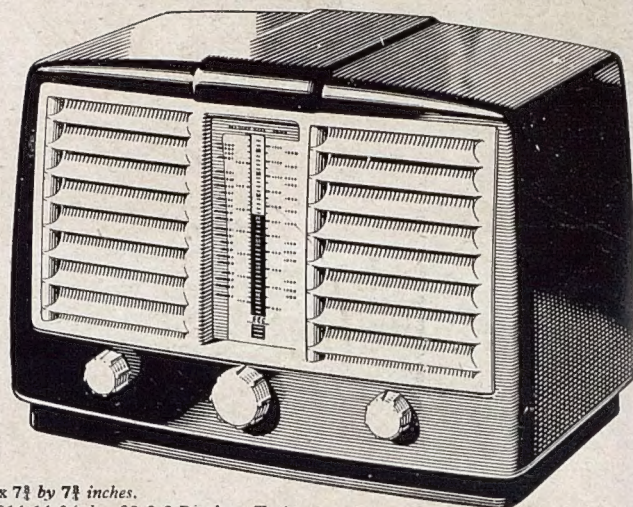
**You're on something good...**  
... when you ride on North British Tyres. You can trust their sturdy cushioned tread for safety, silence and long mileage.

**NORTH  
BRITISH  
TYRES**

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD. EDINBURGH AND LONDON

T42

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, July 23, 1947. Re-entered as Second-class Matter January 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.



Size: 12 x 7½ by 7½ inches.  
AC/DC £14:14:0 (plus £3:3:3 Purchase Tax).

HERE'S THE

## G.E.C. COMPACT MODEL

THE BEST "second set" yet! A trim little 5-valve, all-wave radio, cleanly encased in coloured plastics with simple tuning and fine performance. For use on A.C. or D.C. mains, giving real G.E.C. reception plus quality of reproduction out of all proportion to its size. See it and hear it. Ask your dealer.

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

**JAMAVANA**

Rolled in Jamaica from finest leaf

*Cigars*

CORONA GRANDES

CORONAS

PETIT CORONAS

122/11 per 25

97/11 per 25

83/4 per 25

JAMAVANA CIGARS 84 PICCADILLY LONDON W1